

Catholic Digest

25¢



THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The habit of reading is the only enjoyment I know in which there is no alloy. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will be there to support you when all other resources are gone. It will be present to you when the energies of your body have fallen away from you. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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Catholic Digest

VOL. 2

JULY, 1938

NO. 9

Crusading Spain

By A. KELLY, S.J.

Condensed from *The Irish Catholic**

She turns back the tide

Spanish history opens with the trading of the Phoenicians with the ancient people, probably Celts, of the Peninsula. The mineral wealth of Spain is fabulous, and many of the towns today bear Phoenician names: Cadiz, Malaga, Seville, Cordova and Medina Sidonia, after their own Sidon at the other extremity of the Mediterranean Sea. Later came the Greeks, and, when these traders in later generations began to extend their dominion into the interior, they came into conflict with the hardy inhabitants of the mountains and the Steppes. It was then that the Carthaginians came from across the narrow sea. They had come to assist their kinsmen in their struggle, and then, in their turn, took possession of the rich lands of the coast and for 250 years continued to pour the treasures of the Spanish

mines into the coffers of Carthage.

Barcelona, founded by Hamilcar Barca, and Cartegena today bear witness to the power the Carthaginians had once wielded in Spain. From Spain the great Hannibal led his army, mostly composed of Spaniards, across the Alps, on his famous invasion of Italy. He himself had been brought up in Spain and had married a Spanish wife, and on the death of Hasdrubal had taken command of the Carthaginian armies and led them to victory over the whole of southern and eastern Spain. The famous siege of Saguntum immortalized in the 21st Book of Livy shows us the temper of the race that preferred to perish with their wives and children, and their treasure, rather than fall into the hands of the victorious Hannibal.

With the defeat of the Cartha-

*55 Middle Abbey St., Dublin C. 9, Ireland. May 19, 1938.

genians by the Romans and the invasion of Spain by the Scipios begins the history of Roman Spain. Gradually the Roman legions pushed across the land and when, after the heroic defense of Numantia and its capture by Scipio Africanus, the Roman power was supreme, there was added the title of Numantinus to the victorious general and a new province to Rome. But it was reserved for the great Julius Caesar in his four visits to the Peninsula at the head of his legions, to subdue the people and lay the foundations of the peace and prosperity of Roman Spain. Augustus Caesar visited his dominions in Spain, and having subdued, as far as they could be subdued, the hardy mountaineers of the Austurias, he organized the country so well and so completely that it enjoyed peace and prosperity for more than 400 years to come.

So for 400 years Spain contributed to the greatness of the Roman Empire. The first Provincial to obtain the Consulship was a Spaniard from Cadiz, Balbus; the first Provincial that ever sat on the throne of the Caesars was Trajan, a Spaniard of Seville, while Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius were Andalusians.

Nor were the glories of Hispania confined to material wealth, nor even to the splendor of the Imperial administration. It has been said that from the death of Ovid to the death

of Martial, there is not one Latin writer of the first rank who did not come from Spain. The two Senecas and Lucan were born in Cordova and, distinguished among them all, Quintilian and Martial from Aragon.

Christianity came early to the Peninsula, for we remember St. Paul's words in the Epistle to the Romans about his journey to Spain. Therefore, Christians were in Spain in the time of the Apostles. And nowhere in the West did the Faith spread more rapidly. In the year 306, when Constantine the Great was proclaimed Emperor, persecution of the Church ceased, and in 312 the *Pax Ecclesiae* was proclaimed. It was just between these years that we read of the first Christian Council being held, nine years at least before the Council of Nicea, at which Constantine himself was present and at which, as Eusebius tells us, it was most touching to see among the assembled Bishops the Confessors of the Faith, maimed and twisted from the tortures undergone for the love of Christ. At Nicea one of the most distinguished among the Fathers was Hosius, the Bishop of Cordova. But it was at Elvira in Spain that the earliest Council on record was held not later than the year 316 A. D., and at it were present 19 Bishops and 36 priests.

Later Spain fell a prey to the

Gothic hordes that swept over the Roman Empire. For years her manhood had borne the brunt of the attack on the far-flung frontiers of the crumbling empire. There were Spanish legions holding Hadrian's Wall on the north of Britain, and Spanish legions fighting to keep back the relentless foes on the Rhine and the Danube. By her soldiers, by the wealth of her boundless cornfields and her inexhaustible mines, by her hardy population of workers, Spain, we are told by the historian Salvian, became the sheet-anchor of the drifting world. When all seemed lost, once more the struggle for the old order was made, and that by a Spaniard, the last Emperor of the world, Theodosius the Great.

Theodosius died in 395. The fifth century had hardly dawned when the Visigoths were in Spain. Theirs was more an occupation of the country than a conquest. Arian at first but later, after the conversion of the King Reccaared, in 587, Catholic, they ruled the various races of the Peninsula until the invasion by the hordes of Islam.

The Moslem crossed the Straits of Gibraltar in the memorable year of 711, and found the Visigothic Kingdom of Spain, lying in peace and plenty, an easy victim. Within 20 years the Saracens had overrun the whole Peninsula, except the mountainous province in the north,

and even carried a successful raid into France, where they were checked by the victory of Charles Martel near Tours in 732.

Spain is a country of strange interwoven contradictions. So many races have mingled there, so varied is its landscape, and so different the conditions of life in its now mild, now fierce, now exotic climate, that we have no type that is essentially Spanish. We have the laughing, lazy, happy-go-lucky ones, and every mingling of these characteristics you may imagine. The Spain of bull-fights, of strumming guitars beneath casements in the scent-laden air of Andalusia, of shady patios where fountains play, and the Spain of the deep and burning faith, of the mystic spirit of sacrifice, and of the noblest worship of God. All of them are of the essence of Spain's great soul.

Thus it is that the legacy of Islam to Spain, during the nigh 800 years of its dwelling there, is a love of beauty and of pleasure. For remember that the followers of the Prophet live for the passing hour and their creed is to make that hour as pleasant as possible.

But now to the *Reconquista*; the slow but steady winning back for God and Spain the great cities and the fertile fields of their inheritance.

From the battle of Cavadonga in 718 until the capture of Granada by

Isabella the Catholic in 1492, is a long cry, but that span of centuries tells the tale of heroic struggle.

The passing of the centuries saw the formation first of the Kingdom of the Asturias, then of Leon and of Castile, and of Aragon; and it was the monarchs of these Christian kingdoms, independently or allied, that pushed back the frontiers of the Moslem Empire. The cities that bore testimony to the greatness of the ancient past were won back one by one. Alfonso I of Aragon drove the Moslems from Saragossa in 1118; Alfonso VI of Castile conquered Toledo in 1085, and made it the capital of Christian Spain; in 1236 Saint Ferdinand, King of Leon and Castile, captured the proud capital of the Moors, Cordova, and in 1248 entered Seville, the city St. Isidore. Nothing remained now to the Moslem but the Kingdom of Granada, which resisted for yet another two centuries and a half, until it fell to the conquering army of the great Isabella in 1492.

Many are the kings and captains and noble figures that fill the imagination with the fire of their courage and the greatness of their faith during these ages of the Crusade. The poets and the romanticists of Spain have immortalized one above all the rest, the Cid, the Christian knight, Ruy Diaz de Bivar, a Castilian of the Castilians, born near Burgos,

whose earthly remains rest there to-day under the arch of the great nave of the cathedral.

It matters little to us if the Cid (strange that the name under which he is immortalized is a Moorish one, Said, the Chief) were not the peerless knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*; he is the victorious crusader, before whom kings trembled and before whose mighty sword the Moslem bent like corn before the sickle. He died in the city of Valencia, which he had captured for himself and kept; his faithful wife, Ximena, the companion of his triumphs, brought back his remains to Castile, and for more than 800 years their tombs are side by side in Burgos. It is no coincidence, I am sure, that the leaders of the present *Reconquista* should have chosen Burgos, the home of the last resting place of the Cid Campeador, Spain's national hero, to be the seat of their government. But there is one, to my mind who far more than anyone else, represents truly the heroic spirit of the Reconquest, and that is the greatest of earthly queens, Isabella, the Catholic.

Queen of Castile in her own right, by her marriage with Ferdinand of Aragon, she united Spain for the first time in history, and it was this united Spain, through her ceaseless activity, which finally drove the Moor from the land. It was she who

gave Columbus his commission and in the memorable year 1492, when she entered Granada in triumph, thus putting an end to the long crusade, Columbus discovered America.

The Moors were driven from Spain, but their power was still great in the Mediterranean. They still were for nigh 100 years a menace to Christendom. It was the glory of Spain to deal the last crushing blow to their power, and this under the leadership of the grandson of Isabella, Don John of Austria.

Scarce had the guns of Lepanto ceased when there came the call to another crusade. Europe was threatened by a graver peril from within. The very life of Europe was at stake, the Faith was in danger. Once again it is to Spain and her monarchs and her own great faith and courage that we owe what is left of the heritage of ages. The Emperor Charles V, the grandson of Isabella, his dominion extending from the Danube to the Atlantic, and far away into the new world found by Columbus, by his patience, his wisdom, and his sword, saved the Christian world from complete revolution. His son, Philip II of Spain, spent his long and busy life with one pre-occupation — how to maintain the

power of Spain's great empire, that the cause of God might triumph everywhere.

And what of today? We, in the 20th century of the Christian era are witnessing another Crusade, perhaps the last. Need we wonder that it is in Spain and waged by the Spanish people?

Europe, the world itself, is threatened by a foe fiercer far than the barbarians who wrecked the Empire of Rome; more material and devilish than the Saracens; more plausible and cunning than the heretics of the 16th century. This foe is ruthless, fanatical, cunning, and promises more of an earthly paradise than the dream gardens and courts of the Alhambra. It is no longer the cry, "Allah is God and His Prophet is Mahomet," but "there is no God, but man, and Lenin is his Prophet." Atheistical Communism is advancing against Christendom, and the gallant Spanish people are once more in arms for the Cross and for their proud inheritance. If Spain fails, if the forces of the last *Reconquista* fail, then a mighty bulwark for our homes and altars has failed and God alone knows what shall be in store for Christian souls.



Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to.

Mark Twain.

The Living Stations

By AIDAN POTTER, O.F.M.

Pantomime in Chicago

Condensed from the *Franciscan Herald**

Some five years ago the Franciscans were given charge of Corpus Christi Church, Chicago's once most fashionable, still one of its most beautiful churches, with its classic renaissance architecture, vivid glass, inlaid marble communion rail and solid bronze gates, white marble altar and fine mosaics, set in a spacious sanctuary. Since then they have built up a new Negro parish of considerably more than 2,000 souls, for the most part converts.

This year at Corpus Christi Church was inaugurated a dramatization of the Way of the Cross which has made Corpus Christi unique among the churches of Chicago. It also marks another step towards restoring medieval vividness in the practice of religion.

The Way of the Cross at Corpus Christi has become a spectacle which has drawn packed crowds to the church every time it has been enacted.

After a person has once seen the Corpus Christi presentation, it seems the most simple and logical thing in the world. Instead of imagining Christ's last journey, or straining to look at the pictured station, why not enact it for the people?

After the Blessed Sacrament has been removed to a side chapel, the Way of the Cross begins. A priest in surplice, accompanied by cross and candle bearers, says the introductory prayers and goes to the first station.

Then from the right sacristy strides the militant though craven Pontius Pilate, provincial governor for the Roman Emperor Tiberius. Accompanied by his Roman guard in gorgeous costumes, he takes his seat of power on the platform of the altar. Procula, his wife, follows to plead for the life of "this just Man," and Claudia, his sister-in-law, is there urging Pilate to remove this troublemaker who has dared to call Himself a King. The racketeering High Priests and the Pharisees enter and with eloquent pantomime harangue the crowd, the while an unobtrusive friar in his brown habit has entered the pulpit and narrates the story which is being enacted before the audience, together with its application to the lives of his hearers.

Then enters the Christus, in white and purple, to stand before His judge. The greatest playwrights and directors have dodged the task of

*1434 W. Fifty-first St., Chicago, Ill. May, 1938.

portraying Christ, thinking it impossible to escape criticism. Yet there is no Way of the Cross without Christ, and the difficulties must be faced or the whole plan regretfully laid aside.

It must be said that the solution of the delicate role has been most fortunate. It is a young lad, scarce 18 years old, who plays the role of Christus, and so sincerely and unaffectedly does he handle his part that I believe a better portrayal could scarcely be desired.

The colored cast are just ordinary men and women, and children, of the parish—amateurs if you will. What you see is not trained acting, but the actual living of their parts. With a simple artlessness they forget calculated effects in expressing unfeigned emotion.

There is something really Franciscan about the whole performance. No one would think of calling it childish, but it has a childlike simplicity about it that must have characterized the medieval miracle plays and the preaching of St. Francis.

As the sanctuary judgment scene breaks up and the actors retire, the priest in the body of the church finishes the prayers and proceeds to the second station. Again the players

appear, and the Christus is burdened with His cross. As He passes off the scene the priest in the church moves to the third station. The sorrowful procession again appears from the opposite side of the sanctuary and crosses before the altar, to disappear shortly at the farther side. So the entire 14 stations, crucifixion and all, are enacted before the audience.

That the crucifixion (with the cross raised on the altar platform directly in front of the tabernacle) is managed with so little fuss and bother as not unduly to distract attention and break the illusion, is quite a tribute to the young director, Fr. David Fochtman, O.F.M., assistant of the parish, who worked out every detail of the performance, wrote the accompanying narration, drilled the cast of over 40, and managed the costuming and mechanical details.

Instituted primarily to meet the particular need of his people, it has filled a need of people of all classes and stations of life, including very many non-Catholics. And this because it tells in the most simple and direct terms the moving and eternal story of God's love for every human creature.



People are often the carpenters of their own crosses.

St. Philip Neri.

Handling News

By LEO J. REID

Story after story

Condensed from *The Fleur de Lis**

Six hours after Adolph Hitler's Storm Troopers marched into Austria on March 6, newspapers in 27 American cities had sets of clear, story-telling pictures of the event for their front pages. Several thousand papers had had the story within an hour after it "broke." The story of just how and why this was possible is the story of the mushrooming within the past 25 years of those organizations known as press associations, which now lease some 560,000 miles of wire within the U. S.

With this nation-covering screen of telegraph wire, each length of which is fed by telephone messages and telegrams, a story can be put into every major newspaper office within a half hour.

There are three major wire systems, the Associated Press, the largest and oldest, the United Press, second in size and age, and the International News Service, offering the least coverage of the three.

The reputation possessed by the wire services for speed and accuracy is built around a remarkable machine, the teletype. Essentially typewriters operated by remote control, teletypes are located in the offices of every newspaper subscribing to the

wire services. They are capable of both sending and receiving news and they operate like an endless belt running across the country. Each station puts onto the belt those news items it feels are of interest to the other cities and takes off only those items of interest to the readers in its area.

Let us take for instance the grand "trunk" line of the UP running into St. Louis from New York, which passes through such important centers as Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston and Springfield, Illinois. From this wire the *St. Louis Star* gets all its European news as well as most of its news from the eastern U. S. Whenever events of national interest occur in St. Louis, such as the Ford strike and its subsequent litigation of the past few months, the St. Louis office takes over the wire and gives the story to all the eastern UP papers.

To keep the major wires clear for big news stories, other machines on other wires are kept in the major offices for financial news, for sports, and for such minute-by-minute news as race results.

As the services grew, a need became apparent for better coverage

**St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. May, 1938.*

in particular localities, and "state wires" or "district wires" were set up. The AP, for instance, operates a Missouri wire running through the offices of 29 large and small newspapers within the state. This circuit, besides carrying national and international news, picks up and distributes as it goes along those items of interest only to Missourians.

Many are the exciting days in a wire service office, for it is there each city gets its first information on deaths of prominent persons; major catastrophes such as floods, earthquakes, mine disasters and sinkings. Henry B. Jameson, connected with the AP organization in St. Louis, tells of the night two years ago when the first flash of the death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post in an air crash came over the AP wire in the *Globe-Democrat* building:

"For 20 minutes," says Jameson, "we had orders to keep the trunk line open while AP men in Montana made certain of the truth of the story and gathered details." For 20 minutes routine items had to be kept off the wire. From coast to coast staffs stood over their teletypes, ready to take off the story and "shoot" it to waiting editors. Finally it came, first a bulletin, merely verifying the report. This was ripped out of the machine and given to the telegraph editor on the *Globe-Democrat*. Then the rest of the story, bit

by bit, was ticked off, 60 words a minute, by the plodding teletype.

The UP teletypes have within them small bells, which, by the number of times they are rung, tell those in each office along the line of the relative importance of the story about to come over. Three bells will simply call someone to the machine to answer some routine question put by one of the other offices, while six bells, the largest number used, says that something "hot" is coming. This signal may interrupt any story then on the wire and means that every bureau must stay off until told they may resume sending. King Edward's abdication was a "six bell" story and brought every man in the office to the machine. It opened one of the most hectic days in the memories of the office's younger men. As editions went to press every few minutes all over the country, editors demanded fresh details. Lesser stories, ready to be sent from various offices, had to be thrown away, for the lines had to be kept open for abdication angles, and by the time it could be cleared, the piled-up news would be stale.

In gathering the news, our American wire services employ only top-flight newspaper men. The AP has 2,000 full-time employees and many times more part-time correspondents in out-of-the-way sections. It hires

no beginners; every employee has at least two years of experience on a daily newspaper behind him. News service men must be experienced, for their stories must be accurate, fast, and colorful. To fail to maintain on its throne any of these three shibboleths is to a news service man what a loss of caste is to a Hindu. For when a wire service makes a mistake, it makes really 100 or a 1,000. If the UP spreads a libelous story, not only the UP can be sued, but every member paper in which the libel appears. If the story is proven to be true libel, the amount collected is enormous.

Relative to the AP's omnipresence is the story told of Mahatma Gandhi's *bon mot*. Several years ago when Gandhi was waging his passive resistance campaign against British authority, he was naturally the object of much interest to the Indian AP bureau. On one of the Indian patriot's releases from jail, he was met at the gate by an AP man. Surveying the reporter, the Mahatma said, "I wonder if I shall meet an AP man when I set foot inside the gates of heaven."

An idea of the magnitude of these enterprises may be had from the UP's statement that it spends \$8,000,000 annually in gathering news; the AP reports \$10,000,000 revenue for 1934. During the busy part of the day the AP's eight wires of vari-

ous kinds in its St. Louis office bring in news at the rate of 480 words a minute. The UP with six machines and the INS with three, handle flows of proportionate speed.

While exact figures are not available, a fairly large newspaper will pay from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year for the services of one association.

A characteristic of press personnel is its fluidity. Men are moved about freely "for the good of the service." Linguists for instance, may be sent to the system's nerve center in New York to handle dispatches from that country with which they are familiar. From there they may be moved to the capital of a foreign country. Men who become versed in the rigamarole of politics may be sent to their state capital or to Washington, or they may roam the country covering elections. Similarly, men who become experts in sports or court trial reporting may tour the country within a few years.

Many of the press service men, on the other hand, may never see the office that employs them. These are the thousands of correspondents, usually editors or reporters on small town journals, who are paid for only what they write. Sometimes they volunteer stories; sometimes they are assigned by urgent phone message from the nearest big office to cover a story in their vicinity.

Many little papers in small towns

cannot afford to subscribe to a wire service. How do they learn of world affairs? These papers are supplied by "pony service," that is, long distance phone calls and daily letters from the nearest wire office. They also rely heavily on what the AP calls its "Feature Service" and what in the UP is the "Red Letter," printed sheets of timely, but not urgent stories. These are collected at some central point from all the bureaus and mailed out to all members two or three times a week, whenever the central office has time to fill a sheet.

The wirephoto, developed within the past few years by the AP, is perhaps the most expensive child of the news-gathering systems. Each of the first machines cost \$50,000, although they are now slightly less expensive. With them, any one of 27 wirephoto offices now set up can transmit a perfectly clear 8 by 10-inch picture to both ends of the nation in eight minutes. By making duplicates of the picture at each station, AP can put a picture in the hands of every one of its 2,400 subscribing editors within 24 hours. The most recent development in this field is the portable wirephoto transmitter, which may be hooked onto any telephone wire after arranging matters with the telephone company, to send pictures into the nearest sta-

tion on the wirephoto circuit. Such sets have proven invaluable in covering such stories as last year's flood in southeast Missouri.

Supplying so many millions of readers with their information on vital issues, a single news service correspondent has incalculable power to influence public opinion. At times when only one side of a story is available, the reporter almost necessarily creates a prejudice in his readers in favor of that side. Other factors may enter, for, although the associations as such are consecrated to accuracy, their employees may not be. A case in point would be the current stories from the Spanish front which have been strongly opinionated in favor of the so-called Loyalists.

The establishment and growth of our three major news gathering agencies will undoubtedly go down as an important phase of 20th century history. They have certainly stimulated in the public mind what interest there exists in world affairs. They annually save newspapers millions of dollars by eliminating duplicate covering of each story by each paper. Thus they have strengthened the power of the press and placed a more powerful check on our government. They are young, vigorous organizations, certain to grow in influence.

The Cloister and Society

By H. A. REINHOLD

To restore things in Christ

Condensed from *The Commonweal**

In 1913 the present Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, who was then Abbot of Maria Laach in the Eifel Mountains near the Rhine, received four or five young men in one of the parlors of the 800-year-old monastery. They had asked for an interview, because they wanted advice for their spiritual life. One of them was Paul Simon, now provost of the metropolitan cathedral of Paderborn and honorary dean of the theological faculty at Tuebingen University; another was Professor Hermann Platz of Bonn University, an expert on modern French thought and literature and a beloved leader of German Catholic youth; a third was Father Kerkhey who was later preacher at Muenster cathedral and confessor of the whole city; and there was also young Dr. Heinrich Bruening who was then preparing himself to become an assistant to one of the most famous economists of Germany.

Abbot Stotzingen with his customary friendliness asked them to state their problems. He was not a little surprised, when he heard what these young laymen and future priests wanted from him. He told them that he had a man in his mon-

astery who might be able to help them—a young and very learned monk by the name of Dom Ildefons Herwegen, who had often talked to him about his problems and, strangely enough, as far as he could remember, he had not only touched the same matters, but he had even used the same terms.

So Dom Herwegen was called and the young monk and these men of the world found themselves in perfect agreement. Thus began a wonderful Catholic revival, which first seized the intelligentsia of Germany, then spread to the young clergy, invaded parishes and is now the consolation of millions suffering for their faith.

The case was very simple and it seems incomprehensible that anyone could have looked on these endeavors as revolutionary. These men wanted nothing but their legitimate share in the liturgical life of the Church. They wanted to know what "it was all about." They felt the existence of a gap between their personal piety and the official worship on the altar. They had been sitting patiently through their Sunday Masses, saying their rosaries, singing popular hymns or listening

*386 Fourth Ave., New York City. May 20, 1938.

to a concert-like performance of a choir. Some of them had even handled a missal in the vernacular—but they could not make head nor tail out of all this, even when they were initiated into such subtleties as the “ordo” and even when they never failed to keep up with the priest.

What had all this to do with their personal happiness, their approach to Almighty God, their sanctification? Were these all dead formulae, or was there meaning in this odd assortment of anthems, lessons, gospels and prayers? Could they be used to build up personal prayer? Could they be resuscitated? Could all this become daily bread for a good Catholic stomach or was it to be caviar for some esoterics? Must there continue always to be a clerical track for expresses and another one for the lay people with slow trains freighted with popular devotions which had little in common with the things behind the altar rail? Or is not the Church's prayer and sacrifice really the prayer and sacrifice of the whole Church, i. e., all the faithful?

The outcome of this visit was an invitation to these men and their friends to come back for Holy Week, 1914. This was the first “Liturgical Week” which developed so amazingly into one of the permanent institutions of German Catholi-

cism and bore such tremendous fruit. There is now almost no abbey in Germany, Austria and—as far as I know—in Belgium, where there are not liturgical weeks several times a year. The guests live in the monastery and take part in the monks' life as far as possible. These weeks are very popular with all classes of the population, not only among young students. Even priests and nuns come to liturgical weeks and many a parish and most of the boarding schools and seminaries have their own liturgical weeks.

Within about 15 years popular piety and devotion had been re-linked to the “official” worship of the Church and its sacramental and biblical character in a degree which may have been realized only in the golden age of liturgy.

There was a heroic age of this liturgical movement, when everybody was in such high spirits, especially the young clergy and students, that those who, with however little justification, claimed to stand for sound “tradition,” had need to warn against exaggeration. I remember times when young people, in their joy at discovering the superior evangelical beauty of the liturgical “world,” wanted to abolish altogether such popular substitutes as the stations and the rosary. But this purist fervor has never been very widespread and never deserved those

bitter attacks launched against a "new heresy" by narrow and over-anxious "guardians of the Faith."

In spite of my own enthusiasm for the Church's prayer, I was very skeptical when I arrived in Maria Laach in 1920. One of the novices showed me the crypt of the glorious old Romanesque abbey church and pointed out that the lay Brothers and novices had their community Mass there every morning, in which they recited the Gloria and Credo in common with the celebrant, replied in unison to his acclamations and took part in an Offertory procession, bringing their own altar bread to the altar rail—thus reviving a custom which died out only a few centuries ago and which is now replaced by the certainly more prosaic money collection at the Offertory.

Since I was on my way back from Rome, I was less shocked at the fact that the altar was not facing the wall but the people, because I had seen this in all the major churches in Rome and I thought this was much more sensible than for the priests to turn their backs to those with whom they act the *Sacrum Mysterium* of Our Lord's Sacrifice.

The next morning at Mass I discovered that this was really the form which enabled me as a layman fairly to share in the Church's sacrifice. This form flowed quite natu-

ally from the real meaning of the Mass, it was almost suggested by its ceremonies and texts. The amazing thing was only this—why on earth had we never thought of it before? There was a very normal and manly atmosphere, and the grey-bearded old lay Brothers were just as happy and at home in "their" Mass as the fervent young students fresh from the universities.

As a natural consequence of this return to Bible and liturgy, very soon the popular substitutes and the hitherto extra-liturgical devotions became more imbued with liturgical and biblical spirit, and much of the sentimental and pseudo-baroque trash of the late 19th century dropped out. Once familiar with the central mystery of the Church, the faithful soon demanded more of the true bread of Christ. Baptism, which hitherto had appeared to be a legal performance in a corner of the church, with much mumbling, salt, and other strange practices, regained its old majestic beauty, and many dioceses gave as many texts as possible in the vernacular. This happened, *mutatis mutandis*, with extreme unction, matrimony and holy orders. People no longer liked fifteen-minute Masses, and rushing through other ceremonies. And the clergy were glad to see their flock participate in the most vital and essential things of Catholic life. The

heart of the faithful in their religious life began to beat in rhythm with the Church, or, as Guardini has put it, the Church awoke in the souls of the faithful.

The hierarchy hesitated only a short time to acknowledge this popular movement inaugurated by monks. Of course some exaggeration made some Bishops cautious and there was some opposition from the older generation among people and clergy, who had heard wild stories about self-appointed reformers and innovators. Some people tried to construe an incompatibility between so-called popular devotions and liturgical prayer, fearing from their own legalistic attitude toward liturgy that a cold and soulless piety might destroy what they thought to be the real food for Catholic souls. But this never happened. From time to time, certain ascetic schools have objected to the "free and easy" asceticism built on this less methodical and less technical attitude toward sanctification and have uttered grumbling warnings. But they un-

derestimated the sound religious schooling of the leaders, who had an older tradition to defend than these men of the *devotio moderna* and the 19th century.

A greater understanding of the natural process of growth, more faith in God's work in the souls of the redeemed, greater emphasis on the sacramental life and less moralizing have imbued this generation with that joyful spirit of martyrdom of which they are now in such bad need. It is less dull to be a Catholic than it was under the atmosphere of an almost Jansenistic past.

In the meantime, those hard-working men, Abbot Herwegen, Dom Hammenstede and Dom Casel with their confreres, had thrown open the doors of the sanctuary to God's people, a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, to offer up spiritual sacrifices. As long as this spirit prevails among German Catholics, who have come of age so far as to be chosen to suffer a persecution, the Church in Germany will not succumb.



Man offers himself to God. He stands before Him like the canvas before the painter or the marble before the sculptor. At the same time he asks for His grace, expresses his needs and those of his brothers in suffering. Such a type of prayer demands complete renovation. The modest, the ignorant, and the poor are more capable of this self-denial than the rich and the intellectual.

From *Man the Unknown* by Alexis Carrel, New York; Harpers, 1935.

Facing the People

By E. K.

Condensed from *Pax**

Should the altar be turned about?

The altar at which Mass is said by the priest facing the people is still permissible. In the rubrics for the celebration of Mass mention is twice made of it: under V, 3, and XII, 2. Under V, 3, we read: "When the altar faces eastward, toward the people, the priest makes no turn when he says *Dominus vobiscum*, *Orate fratres*, *Ite missa est*, or gives the blessing; but he kisses the altar, stays right there in the middle with extended or folded hands as explained before, greets the people or gives the blessing." In the rubrics concerning the Blessing and Last Gospel, in Note 2 under XII, we read: "When the priest stands at the altar facing the people he makes no turn, but stays as he stands in the middle of the altar and blesses thus the people, as said before; then he walks over to the Gospel side and reads the Gospel of St. John."

Both these rubrics were interpreted repeatedly by authorities in the sense that here is meant an altar at which the priest celebrates Mass while "facing the people." The rubric "when the priest stands at the altar facing the people" remains as something generally accepted and without any restriction. Moreover,

in IV, 5 of the same Rite for saying Mass, the directions speak of the left side as the Epistle side and of the right as the Gospel side.

An indirect witness for the altar facing the people is found in the *Caeremoniale Episcoporum* (the Bishops' Ceremonial) in Chapter 13, No. 1, where is mentioned an episcopal throne which has its place in the middle of the apse, the wall which usually encloses the semi-circular space behind the altar. From this altar the Bishop is supposed to survey the congregation. For until the Middle Ages the throne was behind the altar; when the retables of the altar (the altar pictures) originated and grew to considerable height, the throne was moved in front of the altar to the Gospel side. The earlier order has its foundation in the origin of the Christian church building—the Roman basilica, which was the old court and meeting house. The long house was divided into naves by two or four rows of pillars; in front was a square, and sometimes a semicircular space for the judges and the assistants—the apse. In front of the judge was an altar on which, before any important official act, a sacrifice was offered to

*181 E. Ninety-third St., New York City. May, 1938.

the gods. The early Christians found this pagan basilica most practical for their services. The judge's seat became the Bishop's throne, the altar remained in its original place, the congregation took the place of the audience. Thus it came about that the priest or Bishop offered the Holy Sacrifice facing the people.

The way for the later change was paved by the new preference for building churches facing the east. In these "easted" churches at first the priest could say Mass either facing the people or with his back toward them. When the idea arose of having not only the church but also the congregation facing east—which for the Occident was the direction of the Holy Land—the priest changed his position at the altar, and, like the congregation, faced east. This necessitated his standing before the altar. Yet it was still insisted for some time that the altar must stand free. This free position is still presupposed today at the consecration of the altar; for the rubrics require that the Bishop go seven times *around* the altar, sprinkling it with holy water and incensing it. This rubric for the consecration of the altar, as you can see, prevents the epithet "liturgical" from being properly applied to the advertised drapery-backed and canopied altar built against the wall.

In churches facing west the position of the priest facing the people has been retained until today, especially in Rome and other parts of Italy; e. g., in St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major, St. Clement, St. Cecilia, and even in churches not facing west, as St. Gregory in Velabro and SS. Cosmas and Damian.

This practice seems to have been abrogated in the Canon Law, Canon 1268, No. 2, where it is required that the Blessed Sacrament be kept in the most honorable place in the church, that is, the high altar. Yet No. 3 of the same Canon requires that in churches where the Divine Office is said in a choir before the high altar—as in the cathedral, collegiate, and monastery churches—the Blessed Sacrament be kept in a side altar or side chapel.

In recent times churches have again been built with altars designed for Mass said facing the people, as in St. Anthony's in Rotterdam, Holy Ghost Church in Frankfort, and St. Gertrude's at Klosterneuburg. Mass was often said in this way at field Masses of the German Youth Movement. The experiences with such altars are encouraging, for they foster a closer participation by the faithful in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—something everyone devoutly wishes for.

The Cross of Snow

By LAURA MARKHAM TRESTER

Natural piety

Condensed from *The Catholic Boy**

From the four corners of the nation people come to worship at the Mount of the Holy Cross near the little town of Minturn, high in the Colorado Rockies. But of the various pilgrimages to this National Monument, none has so true a significance as the one which was conducted by Monsignor Joseph Bosetti, vicar general of the Denver diocese.

The Holy Cross is a marvel so perfect and majestic that nowhere in the world is it duplicated. During summer most of the winter snow melts from the pyramidal granite peak towering nearly 14,000 feet above sea level, while mammoth beds of snow remain in the two deep transverse ravines forming the Cross. It is then the dazzling Cross stands revealed. From near the top of the Mount the vertical shaft extends downward 1,200 feet, and the horizontal bar stretches far along the rugged face of the peak.

When God fashioned this snowy symbol of the crucifixion there was given to the world not only a masterpiece of scenic loveliness, but also a natural emblem of the Christian faith. History relates the discovery of the lofty peak in 1873. It is claimed the Ute Indians, friendly

with missionaries, recognized the likeness of the snowy symbol in a priest's crucifix and guided him to the Mount.

In May, 1929, President Herbert Hoover proclaimed the Cross, and some 1,300 acres surrounding it, the Holy Cross National Monument. In a wilderness of matchless setting, Camp Tigiwon has been established as a base camp for pilgrimages. It occupies a natural amphitheater on a mountain top 10,000 feet above sea level where grassy meadows and Alpine flowers abound.

The way to the Mount of the Holy Cross traverses a nine-mile route from the camp to the foot of Notch Mountain, either by road or by trail. The trail then continues to the top of Notch Mountain, an elevation of 13,500 feet. At this point the Government has erected a stone shelter house with heavy plate glass windows and steel supports to withstand the fierce storms. Pilgrims may spend the night here, then the next morning watch the sunrise on the gigantic Cross high beyond intervening canyons and peaks.

At the foot of the Cross nestles the Bowl of Tears, formed ages ago by the melting snow from the Cross.

*S-1300 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, Minn. May, 1938.

In the icy waters of this blue-green glacial lake many pilgrims seek baptism.

The way up the rugged peak is marked only by piles of stones. The great boulders, shifting gravel, and increasing altitude make progress to the top slow and strenuous.

The Holy Cross symbolizes the salvation of the human race and every minute of the day it plays some sacred part in the teachings of the Catholic Church. So what would be more natural for Monsignor Bosetti than to commemorate his silver jubilee on the summit of the lofty peak sculptured with the God-given Cross?

In the early morning of August 2,

1933, 44 high spirited people started out on the trail leading to the Mount. Only 34 reached the top. The others, finding the climb too difficult, returned to Camp Tigiwon. Having been ordained in Immensee, Switzerland, Monsignor Bosetti spent much time climbing his native Alps, so the six and one-half hours' trip was not difficult for him.

Sections of the first altar ever erected on the Mount, and other equipment for the service were carried to the summit by members of the party. An improvised tent protected Monsignor Bosetti from the wintry weather of the high altitude as he celebrated Mass on the Mount of the Holy Cross.



Protestant?

It is claimed that the U. S. is a Protestant country—meaning thereby that a majority of the population is Protestant. Nothing is further from the truth as the U. S. census statistics for 1926—the latest available—clearly show. In that year the population was 116,531,963. Of this number more than half (61,955,617) had no church affiliation whatever. In 1926, under "church membership," 4,081,242 were listed as Jewish and 18,605,003 as Roman Catholic. Deducting these two religious bodies from the total church membership, viz., 54,576,346, and liberally designating all the rest as Protestant, we arrive at the conclusion that there are 31,890,101 Protestants in the U. S. This is about 27 per cent of the population.

Extension Magazine (Jan., '38).

Women in Industry

By Members of the N. C. W. C. Social Action Department

Condensed from the pamphlet*

Plight of the laboring woman

Answering the question why nearly 11 million women in the U. S. are working is simple; they work because they must. According to studies made by the Department of Labor, more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of the women workers in the U. S. are heads of families. In practically $\frac{1}{6}$ of all urban families in the U. S., the only wage earners were women (not necessarily only one woman). Well over $\frac{1}{3}$ of all wage-earning women are homemakers as well.

At least half the men who are working are not receiving a living wage. We know the bankruptcy of farmers and the miserably low income they have been making for years. This brings great numbers of women in the U. S. into working life.

This general situation has a cumulative effect, especially in the opportunities of women to leave industry by marrying. Consider the cost of supporting a family and the low wages of young men; the desire on their part to wait until they can support a wife in greater comfort; the hesitation of self-supporting women to face the sacrifices of marriage. The result is that women go to work early in life. Even after

they marry, they must often do gainful work of some kind.

Behind it all is the fact that from the Industrial Revolution on, industry has called on the work of women. There is work for women to do that in part suits their nature and that does not require a period of training and the ambition to rise in a business world. Most women in going to work look forward to a speedy departure from it by marrying. They look for a job they can fill without an apprenticeship or a long course of training. Industry, trade and the services are filled with such positions. Employers hire them for the very reason that they will fill these positions well and often without much thought of promotion to better work or higher wages.

The U. S. Census Bureau in 1930 records $10\frac{3}{4}$ million women as having been gainfully occupied. Numerous others, doing gainful work not their main source of income, are not included in this record. Out of every 100, eight are in agriculture, forestry and animal husbandry; 17 are in manufacturing and mechanical industries; 12 are in trade, transportation and communication; 14 are in the professions; 30 are in per-

*The Paulist Press, 401 W. Fifty-ninth St., New York City.

sonal and domestic service and 18 are in clerical occupations. A few are in mining and other occupations.

They compete directly for the jobs of some men, and this means that indirectly they are in competition with all men. Since so many of them must work and can work for less than men, a certain economic struggle between men and women results. Women are both helped and harmed in this struggle. When in direct competition with men, their wages are apt to be higher than when they compete solely with women. On the other hand, men are inclined to resent the competition of women precisely because they will work for lower wages and thus by competition reduce men's wages, too. This rivalry rebounds upon women again, since the reduction of men's wages gives them less opportunity to marry, and, when they marry, less money to meet the needs of family life. Thus the presence of so many women in industry, indifferent to or passively resentful towards their working conditions, harms them and future generations.

A still more serious question arises in the number of married women who are now engaged in gainful work. Since 1900 their proportion has increased by 60% and in numbers has quadrupled, while the total number of married women increas-

ed only by 23%. A large majority of the foreign-born women workers are married, with their husbands working as well. The great majority of the Negro workers are married or divorced. Over 1/4 of all working women are married (not widows or divorced) and if those who are doing supplemental work are counted, the proportion is still higher. Once in this country when women married, it was rare for them to continue at work. Now three out of ten are gainfully employed. In factory towns, it is common for women to marry one day and go back to work the next. In office work and in stores, and, indeed, in all occupations, the same fact is coming to prevail. Some welcome this as a sign of women's independence. It is, rather, a sign of dependence on an unjust and inadequate industrial system.

What are the standards laid down by Catholic social teaching in Pope Leo's Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, Pope Pius XI's Encyclical on Reconstructing the Social Order, the Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction, and the Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy?

Women should receive "wage rates that will be at least adequate to decent individual support." (Bishops' Program.) "A living wage includes not merely decent maintenance for the present, but also a

reasonable provision for such future needs as sickness, invalidity and old age." (Pastoral Letter.)

"Those women who are engaged at the same tasks as men should receive equal pay for equal amounts and qualities of work." (Bishops' Program.) "A living wage is not necessarily the full measure of Justice. In a country as rich as ours, there are very few cases in which it is possible to prove that the worker would be getting more than that to which he has a right if he were paid something in excess of this ethical minimum." (Bishops' Program.)

"Wealth . . . constantly being augmented by social and economic progress . . . must be so distributed among the various individuals and classes that the common good of all . . . be thereby promoted." (Reconstructing the Social Order.)

Do the facts of the condition of working women in the U. S. conform to these standards of Catholic social teaching?

An estimate of the usual level of women's earnings has been made by the U. S. Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor from recent studies by various sources (*Women in the United States, 1937*). They are as follows:

Domestic and Personal Service:

Homes (cash wage), \$5.79 to \$15.65 a week.

Beauty shops, \$14.25 to \$15.54 a week.

Hotels and restaurants, \$5.75 to \$16.25 a week.

Laundries, \$6.67 to \$13.42 a week.

Clerical Occupations:

\$16.15 (clerks) to \$28.65 (secretaries) a week; \$1,253 to \$1,881 a year.

Manufacturing:

Recent figures for various industries, \$12.46 to \$29.29.

Professional Service:

School teachers, \$999 to \$3,300 a year, the last for senior high school teachers with M.A. degrees.

Trained nurses, \$1,620 to \$2,300 a year, the minimum and maximum civil service entrance salaries.

Librarians, \$1,110 to \$1,957.50 a year, the last for branch librarians.

Trained social welfare workers, \$1,650 to \$3,300 a year, the last for supervisors in largest agencies.

Home economics extension workers, \$945 to \$3,950 a year.

"Decent maintenance for the present," according to recent wage orders based on hearings to determine this standard for a self-supporting woman, has never been fixed as low as \$13 a week. The wages provided for women in retail trade are \$16 for a 42½-hour week in Utah, and \$17 a week, ranging from 40 to 48 hours in the District of Columbia. In the hotel, restaurant and allied industries in the District of Colum-

bia minimum wages have been fixed at from \$13.25 for waitresses, excluding tips, to \$17 for telephone operators and clerical workers. These figures, of course, represent a compromise. A wage of \$18 for 48 hours for all women is fixed in Nevada law. The New York Department of Labor recently stated that a woman working in New York who lives alone needed a minimum salary of \$23.36 a week, or \$1,215 a year. If she lived with her family she would need \$20.73 a week, \$1,078 a year. Compare these figures with the ones given above, and remember the number of women who support others than themselves, and then recall that even in 1929 the productive capacity of the country, which is much greater now, was sufficient to have given each family \$2,500 a year.

That women, whose general wage levels for all occupations are much lower than men's, make less than men in the same occupation, even under certain trade union agreements, is a known fact well documented by studies of the Women's Bureau. For instance the agreement for the textile, dyeing and finishing industry for 1936-38, continuing for the most part earlier rates, fixes the hourly minima for men at 66c and for women 48. This spread is too large to make up any difference in occupation. In Butte the wage for

men head markers for laundries under a union agreement is 62.5c per hour, that of the highest classification of four head markers for women is 52.1c per hour. The spread is even much greater where there is no union. Such a difference exists almost generally. This is due in large part to an undervaluation in money terms of women's contribution to the economy either to the family or the nation, which has its partial origin in the days when women's contribution consisted of purely home manufacture and services.

Industrial homework also is largely responsible for depressing women's wages, and indirectly then, for depressing men's. This system consists in giving out articles from the factory to be made in whole or in part in homes. It has been estimated that such work is done in more than 75,000 American homes and involves not only women but children at long hours and low pay. The actual pay for the processes when done at home is much below what is paid in the factory. A New York survey reported that the average wage even in good times paid for a week's skilled needlework brought as low as \$6.85 and even \$4. Even less than that has been received for a week's work in less skilled typical home-work industries.

Women share in the general un-

employment. From Government figures it was conservatively estimated that at least 2,000,000 women were out of work during the worst of the depression. In 1934 it was reported by the FERA that 30% of all persons on relief in towns and cities of over 2,500 were women who were normally employed. Though available figures on the whole indicate that smaller proportions of women than of men were out of work, still there were certain industries, such as woollens and worsteds, and certain industrial areas in which women were the greatest sufferers. The U. S. Employment Service recently has analyzed its figures as to persons newly applying to public employment offices for work in the two years ending June 30, 1936. The new women-applicants numbered nearly 3,000,000 and formed 27% of all applicants. This indicates in some degree the pressure the depression put on some women who would not normally work, to seek employment outside the home.

Forty-three states have today some legal regulation of daily or weekly hours (or both) that women can work in certain occupations. Four states, Alabama, Iowa, Florida and West Virginia have no statute in this regard. Indiana has a law prohibiting night work but places no regulation on the day; 12 states have

an eight-hour day. Some states have a 10-hour day and a considerable number permit daily hours in excess of 10, ranging all the way to a 12-hour day, as in Louisiana. In all the laws certain industries are specifically exempted and a day's work for women may vary from 8 hours in 10 states to 8½, 9, 10 and even 12 in other states.

It is an old-fashioned view nowadays to protest against so many working women. It is old-fashioned because they must work to live, and because employers want them to work, and because their work is needed. It is also a wrong view if it goes to the point of desiring a social system in which they could not work, since women have the ethical right to the opportunity to support themselves and do satisfying work outside of marriage and the convent.

But the old-fashioned view may come to be the new-fashioned view. For our economic system can be organized so as to need even fewer workers and so as to pay all of those who work a decent living wage. When that day comes, fewer women will be in industry and trade because men will be able to support them. More women will be in the home, and they will have more time and money for the proper rearing of children, for self-culture and for activity as citizens and units of

society. The importance of this is unquestioned. It looks to a different ordering of society in which industry and trade will be more efficiently organized and in which all who work will get a reasonable share of the great productivity of our country. It is important because it opens the way for a greater regard for home life and the good of society than is known in an age when it is the normal and expected thing for women to leave the home and take up petty, monotonous, stop-gap jobs. More of them will be left free, when they do not marry, to enter more satisfying and better paid jobs.

Much of the problem of working women resolves itself into a question of how to solve the general industrial problem and especially of how to obtain for all men employment, and at least a family wage. According to the U. S. Department of Labor, between \$1,200 and \$2,000 a year per family is necessary for minimum life and decency. Yet in 1929, the year of our greatest prosperity, $\frac{1}{5}$ of our families received less than \$1,000 a year and $\frac{2}{5}$ less than \$1,500, and in 1935 and 1936 over $\frac{1}{2}$ of the families in the U. S. were living on less than \$1,250, and $\frac{1}{3}$ on less than \$1,000. In 1932, 9 out of 10 families did not receive the health and decency standard of \$2,000. If the men wage earners made a family wage, few of their

wives, who count up to nearly 4,000,000 in gainful occupations, would attempt work outside but would stay at home and take care of their children—something that is not by any means a part-time job. It would mean a lower infant mortality, less juvenile delinquency and crime, and strengthening of family religious life, a rise in sexual morality and ideals, a nation of children stronger in soul, mind and body, longer schooling for girls, earlier marriages and more of them.

The frequency of divorce has one of its roots in the economic system. It is characteristic of the system that the individual is to do what he wishes and get as much money as he can. The individual's selfishness is glorified into a virtue. The thing permeates our whole society; it is responsible, among other things, for the compulsion women are under to take up gainful work. Carried over into family life, it becomes the home's greatest enemy. For the family is not kept together except by mutual sacrifices undergone in a spirit that is the very antithesis of selfishness. This selfishness, greed and materialism has its influence on sexual morality in general, upon delayed marriages, upon licentiousness, upon birth control and upon the change that has come over our times.

That so many women work is due largely to defects in home life

under our economic system and to the economic system itself. It is likewise a cause of further defects in home life. Granting this and granting that industry does not require so many working women and would require very few if it were properly organized, then the answer is evident. And our duty, phrased by Pope Pius XI in his "Reconstructing the Social Order" likewise is evident: "... Intolerable, and to be opposed with all our strength is the

abuse whereby mothers of families, because of the insufficiency of the father's salary, are forced to engage in gainful occupations outside the domestic walls . . ." Women are fitted for finer things than industry and trade have to offer and positive harm is done their own higher good and the higher good of society when so many of them are transitory workers, engaged at monotonous and under-paid work in an unfree society.



Thrones Lost

About 43 years before William Penn's colonists arrived the Swedes had bought land from the Indians dwelling in Pennsylvania; had set up its first European colony; had established law courts, opened schools and followed out faithfully the directions of their ruler, Queen Christina, who had sent them with orders to be kind and just to all, but especially to the aborigines. Like William Penn, who came after them, they were tolerant of the Catholic Religion.

Queen Christina, the real Foundress of Pennsylvania, not only became a convert to Catholicism, but also lost her throne on that account; and having retired from Stockholm to Rome, died there; and is buried in St. Peter's Cathedral; one of the three women there interred.

It is interesting to note that she wasn't the only ruler connected with the colonization of Pennsylvania, who lost a crown because of conversion to Catholicism. King James II, of England, under whom William Penn colonized Pennsylvania, had a similar experience when he became a Catholic.

From a letter by Cardinal Dougherty.

Russian Tolerance

It's hard to root up the heart

Condensed from *The Catholic Herald**

In the autumn of 1936, more than 500 clergy were sent to Siberia for "compulsory work." The Soviet "tolerance" is felt equally by clergy of all creeds. Of 200 Protestant ministers, at present only six remain in parishes. In Odessa the last cleric still free, a Catholic priest, has been arrested. In the Far East ten Russian Orthodox priests of the old rite were shot together.

Since the new Soviet Constitution proclaiming "liberty of conscience" has been inaugurated, one Archbishop has been deported; two Archbishops and one Bishop have been shot, and two Bishops were together tortured to death in the dungeons of the G.P.U. Thus are the freedom articles of the Constitution guaranteeing "liberty in religious practices" being fulfilled.

In Odessa the church of SS. Peter and Paul was blown up. Preparations are being made to destroy the council church of Odessa and the remaining churches of all religions. The council church of Petrozavodsk was destroyed. Only one Greek church was left at Blagowscensk in the Far East, but three months ago the crucifixes were taken down and it was converted into a warehouse.

According to law the clergy now

receive civic rights including electoral rights. But will they be able to take advantage of them?

Stalin, as spokesman for the constitutional committee at the eighth Soviet Assembly, confirmed that it was not worth while depriving the clergy of electoral rights. In any case they would not be elected to legislative societies. Consequently it was not worth while introducing restrictions and spoiling the "democracy" of the Soviet.

One of the Soviet daily newspapers, *Komsomolskaja Pravda*, set itself the task of finding out the truth concerning "religious prejudices" in the provinces. Correspondents were sent and the position in several towns was observed, and—they were utterly amazed.

Here is one example out of many of what they discovered:

"Before the revolution Bjelgered was a religious center. There were in the city 11 churches and two monasteries, besides 25 churches in the surrounding district.

"Until 1927, the energetic work of the godless showed excellent results. One church remained in the town, while only three were left in the country around. It seemed that in this locality religion was entirely

*110-111 Fleet St., London, E.C.4, England. May, 1938.

finished with. Yet this was an illusion.

"Two more years passed and not a trace was left of the vast godless organizations. They had vanished. Meanwhile, the religious united themselves and did as they wished. It would seem that where there is no church there are also no priests, but this is not so. There are, and they showed what they can do, for, as soon as knowledge of the new constitution spread, 50 priests arrived in Bjelgered.

"Energetic steps were immediately taken towards strengthening what had seemed irrecoverably lost positions. Throughout the district petitions to the authorities for the open-

ing of the closed churches, were made by the people. What do the godless unions and Communist organizations do about it? Nothing, just as if they do not exist."

According to the founders of the Constitution, religious liberty is to remain only a maneuver, a declaration on paper, without meaning. But such an enticing maneuver is condemned from the start.

European highbrows and supporters of the "popular front" can be deceived, but not the Russian people who actually bear the Soviet burden. The maneuver will not succeed because the people will demand of the authorities not empty words but actual action.



Revenge

You can always see His Excellency, Leopold Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate of Mexico. He is never so busy that he makes you wait or come back. And, when he is with you, he seems to have nothing else to do but entertain you. The first time you meet him, you cannot help loving him. When you are in his room, you are impressed by its simplicity which matches very nicely with his own simplicity. On his desk, on a home-made stand, is a picture of Plutarco Elias Calles with his bushy mustache and all.

"What do you want that picture for?"

"That man was the cause of all my troubles, of our troubles," he answered with his usual smile.

"Are you going to work any incantation on him?" I insisted, jokingly.

"I pray for him, every day, several times a day," he replied.

Carmelo Tranchese, S. J., in *Jesuit Missions* (June, '38).

Little Dover

By their own bootstraps

By BERTRAM B. FOWLER

Condensed from the book, *The Lord Helps Those**

Observers, who have studied the St. Francis Xavier University extension movement in Nova Scotia, say the village of Little Dover, in the Parish of Canso, epitomizes the resurgence that has stirred the Province. The men of Little Dover were among the first to shake off the lethargy of poverty and misery and take the first strong strides toward a better order.

Little Dover perches on a barren, rocky shore, facing a desolation of sea that is but little less desolate than the corner of the Province upon which it sits. The population of some 400 is there on a shore where there is no vegetation. No agriculture is there, unless you wish to apply such a term to the narrow strips of garden where the scanty soil is built up and enriched by seaweed to grow a few vegetables. There are those who claim that in the 1920's there was neither horse nor cow in the village, much less an automobile. Others claim differently, pointing out that there was an old horse but he died somewhere about the time the argument starts.

The men of Little Dover went out on the surface of the Atlantic to reap their harvest. They launched

their boats in the face of the great green rollers that came thundering with the thousands of miles of open ocean behind them. Life was a cruel, losing struggle against all the elements of a hungry sea and a hungrier system of rapacious greed.

They brought back their hard-won trophies from the maw of the sea and saw them seized by the waiting merchants, agents of the slack-muscled, fat and comfortable men in far-away cities who were the only ones to profit by the work of hands twisted and warped by the hauling of icy nets and dripping lobster traps; hands gnarled and toughened by the back-breaking pull of heavy oars.

They lived, these men of Little Dover, through the hard seasons, with little of security or ease to lighten an hour or a season. They saw their labor swallowed by a system that was never content with its duress; that never for a moment eased the relentless pressure of an economic feudalism that held them in its grip.

In the bigger coast cities are the huge fish markets, centralized organizers and controllers of a vital industry, making their biggest prof-

*Vanguard Press, Inc., 424 Madison Ave., New York City, 1938. 189 pp. \$1.75.

its by virtue of absolute dictatorial control of the whole industry through chains of subsidiary agents. These men fix the price of fish, not at its true valuation, but at a set margin of profits that are kept inviolable and secure though the fishermen and their children starve.

Everyone has heard the arguments of efficiency advanced to justify the change that has taken place.

The truth of the matter is only now becoming apparent. Groups like those that have organized in Nova Scotia are proving that the small local plant, cannery or freezer is more efficient than the huge centralized unit with its costly overhead of petty agents and substations that buy the catches.

The system of marketing the harvest of the Atlantic has developed into something approaching an open scandal. Can any system be called efficient that reduces to abject poverty a whole section of the population without giving any real savings in costs to the consumer? Sooner or later we must face this fact and do some of the things that have been done in the Little Dovers of Nova Scotia.

Father Tompkins saw all this etched with appalling vividness in the plight of the fishermen as he went among them, for Little Dover was in his parish. He listened to the men and women of Little Dover

as they lifted their voices in resentful railing against the system that was throttling them. He saw their children undernourished, growing up in ignorance because a boy became a fisherman as soon as he could pull an oar and then all education lay behind him. He saw, this priest and prophet, the manifest omens of inertia and insensibility making their frightening appearance in the retrogression of the people.

So, when the men came to him with their resentment he was shrewd and forceful in his answers. He gave them none of that false sympathy that hardens resentment into chronic rebellion and throttles all constructive action. He made no attempts to battle with the entrenched agents of the centralized order. The people themselves were his concern. His job was to awaken and stimulate them to the point where they would do something about the evils that beset them. Therefore, he refereed as he talked, making the fishermen diagnose for themselves the ills of the system that oppressed them. When he first began, there were those who remonstrated with him; men who honestly believed that he was wasting his energies and his time trying to lead these people up out of the mess they were in. Said one such counselor to Father Tompkins, "Leave them alone. You can't do anything with such cattle."

But they were not cattle to Father Tompkins. They were the people in whom he believed with a faith that was unbounded and vitally alive. He could teach and preach and wait for the people to swing into action under their own power. The one thing he could do was educate them for that day of action when it should come.

So he taught and preached through the seasons when the fishermen were paid 50 cents a hundredweight for deep sea fish that cost the consumers 20 or more cents a pound. Every spring he saw the lobster buyers coming in to take the catch. They paid the fishermen three or four cents a pound for the small lobsters for canning and six or seven cents for the larger lobsters for the Boston market. They paid these prices because of their close and rigid control of the share-croppers of the sea while fishermen a comparatively few miles away on the Maine coast were getting 20 and 25 cents a pound for their catch.

But all through these years Father Tompkins continued his mental onslaught. He pursued the people month after month with his inexhaustible patience and hammered his ideas at the fishermen. He was a veritable ferret on the scent of his faith. Two or three were a crowd to Father Tompkins. Whatever their number, wherever they gather-

ed he found them to discuss the pressing problems of the day. He talked in terms of lobster prices; of the cost of fishing gear and food. He continued to expose the illiterate to the A-B-Cs and thence onward to those ideas of his that had "hands and feet." He led them inexorably to that point he saw they would reach when they began to think for themselves, constructively and intelligently.

His pamphlets, leaflets and newspaper clippings were in every home. Everywhere as the men gathered in their little knots, as they worked on the shore, baited trawls or mended their lobster traps their talk gradually turned from idle grumblings and belligerent wails and began to take shape and direction.

When they went to him he answered them as he always did, "What do you want to do? What problem do you think is worst?"

"Well," one of them said finally, "the price of lobster is too low. The cannery are getting too big a profit. There must be some way to get more for our catch."

Still Father Tompkins stuck to his method. He prodded and questioned, "How do you think you can get more? What do you want to do?"

That was a pair of big questions. To them it summed up the whole of the problem that seemed so in-

soluble. But they had been doing a lot of thinking. One of them thought that if they had a canning factory they might do something. But a canning factory meant more money than was owned in the whole village.

But when they voiced the thought to Father Tompkins he said promptly: "All right, now we're getting some place. You want a lobster factory. Why not build it and operate it yourselves?"

To them the idea was gargantuan. It wasn't something they could do right away. Right there the ideal of education for action that had motivated Father Tompkins for so many years began to take fresh form and substance. If the people wanted a lobster factory they could study the problem and find out for themselves how to do the job.

At this point what was to be the dynamic adult education movement of St. Francis Xavier University began to function. The men met in their homes and studied the material that Father Tompkins got for them. They talked over the lobster situation as a problem that was their own. Something that was radically wrong was being approached by men in whom the determination to work and do was hardening and deepening.

That winter saw a tremendous occurrence take place in Little Dover.

The men shouldered their axes and went into the woods. For the first time in their lives they were doing something for themselves. They believed in their Father Jimmy. And, more important, they were beginning to believe in themselves.

When the humble sagas of the common people are finally written the story of that winter's work in the woods behind Little Dover will bulk in huge importance. The crash of falling trees made dramatic punctuations to a new chapter in the history of the fishermen.

All the winter they worked, hauling the logs out by hand because there was no horse in Little Dover. They hauled the stones in wheelbarrows for the foundation of their lobster factory. They donated the labor and built it for themselves without the outlay of money for anything save the necessary nails and hardware.

When it was finished they stood back and found themselves facing the biggest problem of all. The building was up, a strong, substantial proof that these things could be done. But there was still the matter of the canning machinery. That they could not make. Such equipment called for the expenditure of money. And money was still something they did not have in Little Dover.

At this point Father Tompkins saw that he must now do his share.

He must show these men that by their own initiative and self-help they had done something more than merely raise a building. They had built at the same time an edifice of self-confidence. They had proved themselves men of substance. They could, Father Tompkins knew, get their credit somewhere.

Out of his own pocket he loaned them \$300 without interest. He found another man who loaned them \$700 at a low rate of interest and the canning machinery came to Little Dover and was installed. They organized the business on a cooperative basis, paying each individual member the same low price he would get from the buyer who came in for the catch.

At the end of the season when they counted their profits after selling the pack in Halifax they found they had enough money to pay off the \$1,000 borrowed and return an extra two cents a pound to the individual fishermen. Little Dover closed the first chapter in its epic of self-help with a triumphant flourish. They lifted up their heads and looked about them with a new light in their eyes. They had done all this for themselves. In the long evenings under the oil lamps in their kitchens they had emerged from the shadows into hopeful light.

With the lobster factory built they turned their attention to the

marketing of the larger lobsters that went each year to the Boston market. They secured expert advice and in their study clubs explored the details of packing and shipping live lobsters. When they knew how to handle their end of the business they found an agent in Boston to sell their shellfish direct to the metropolitan markets. Last year, for the lobsters that used to bring them six and seven cents, they got 20 cents a pound.

They organized a buying club and pooled their orders, slashing the prices of the necessities they had to buy. They cut the price of twine and rope and gear used in their work. They cut the prices of food and clothes, adding a little more to their well-being and self-respect with each slow step.

Cooperatively they built new fishing boats. They began to improve their flocks of sheep. Better, they began to utilize the wool at home instead of selling it at starvation prices to the same class of dealers who had robbed them of their lobsters and fish. Home industries began to make their appearance. The women were weaving the wool into rugs and other articles.

This is the story of Little Dover's rebirth. If you go there today you may be rather surprised by the surface show. After all, there is little in the physical appearance of the

village to cause any demonstration of wild admiration. The land is still barren and bleak. The people are still poor. But it is not the grinding, hopeless poverty of a few years ago. They are making their improvements slowly, carefully and soundly.

As one studies the whole of the moving experiment in community action and self-help in Nova Scotia he must turn again and again to Little Dover, the trail blazer. Little Dover was the laboratory in which Father Jimmy worked out his theories that proved and justified his sublime faith in the dignity and ability of the common man.

In other sections of the Province he pushed ahead with his work, dealing his smashing blows at ignorance and lassitude. But Little Dover is his first lighthouse on that bitter coast, a beacon that shines with greater power day by day.

There are men in Little Dover, common fishermen, uneducated in the formal sense of the word, who

can discuss the latest books on sociology and economics. Better, they can, with sound and shrewd logic, tear to tatters some of the fondest theories and suppositions of the economists.

There is a saying along that coast that, "A whisper out of Dover is more powerful than a cyclone from Canso." And there is discernment in the quotation. Little Dover's whisper is vibrant and terrific these days. For, if Little Dover could do what it has done against the crushing odds that faced its people, then any community on the continent can do the same if the people have leadership and a plan of action.

The plan of action, of course, is open and free to all. It is as simple as the Golden Rule, as clear and lucid as the Sermon on the Mount. It is a plan of action by, for and of the people, who, in the words of Father Tompkins, "are great and powerful, able to do all things for themselves."



Popgun

So many people speak of their need for "constructive criticism" when they really mean their weakness towards flattery, and their dislike of "destructive" criticism when they really mean their dislike of being told the truth, that one can readily sympathize with the famous drama critic who said, "There are two kinds of criticism, constructive and destructive. There are two kinds of guns, Krupp and Pop. I am a destructive critic."

Gabriel Fallon in *Hibernia* (May, '38).

My Friend the Korean

Not innocent of books

By GERALD MARINAN

Condensed from *The Far East**

Korea has ever been a land of mystery; it is a land of mystery still. As you gaze on those silent hills, singularly like church spires, as they rise precipitately from the plains and taper gradually to a point; those hills which cover the land from north to south and are the outstanding feature of Korean topography; those hills on which the Korean looks with the pride of fatherland shining in his eye or the superstitious awe of an ancient paganism suffusing his face—as you gaze on those silent hills you begin to wonder what dark secrets they hold. The mind wanders back to the time when Korea was the “Hermit Kingdom” and no foreigner dared tread upon her soil. What dark deeds were done in those dark days? If these hills could speak, what tales could they unfold? We can only surmise. Korea’s hills have kept her secrets as faithfully as have the blank pages of her history books, and over all there is a shroud of mystery.

Living in the midst of this mysterious environment, the native Korean is not at all mysterious. Enigmatical he may be, a man of contradictions he is, but about him there is no vestige of mystery. In the contra-

dictory elements that compose him we see characteristics that remind us of the Jews among whom our Lord lived and labored. In fact, there are several similarities between Korea of today and ancient Palestine.

Perhaps it is due to the Eastern atmosphere but one seems to catch the spirit of the Gospels much more readily here in Korea. The ordinary greetings of the people: “Are you in peace?” “Have you slept in peace?” “Go in peace,” “Sleep in peace,” continually recall those expressions of the Gospel in which the word peace is so frequently used: “My peace I leave you,” “Peace to men of good will,” etc.

The salutation “Peace be to you,” with which our Lord greeted his disciples in one of His first apparitions is on the lips of every Korean, Catholic or pagan, hundreds of times a day. To Western ears these expressions sound peculiar but to the Korean they are as familiar as the scenery around him. If he were visiting his friends, he would use the selfsame phrases. There is nothing foreign about them; they are his own. Compared with ours, these are beautiful salutations, and in a world where peace is now so little known,

**St. Columbans, Nebr. June, 1938.*

it is a pity that they are not more widely used and more thoroughly understood.

Another feature of Korean life which vividly recalls the Gospel narrative is what we sometimes find described as "crowd-psychology."

Reading through the Gospels, I used to wonder at the rapidity with which crowds got together in the Holy Land. I no longer wonder. A few years in Korea have convinced me that the difficulty in Eastern countries is not to draw a crowd but to disperse it.

I have seen crowds gather in a few minutes that would do credit to any political meeting—men with implements in their hands, women with children in their arms, all work thrown aside as if it were of no account. And for what purpose? To see a man training a dog, perhaps, or a foreigner walking down the street! There is nothing indeed beneath the notice of a Korean crowd.

And it is not a question of pedestrians stopping by the wayside to look at something unusual. The crowd gathers purposely from all sides to see some sight and, once there, it remains till the end. It may have to stay one hour, two or three. What matter! Time is the cheapest commodity it knows and it can afford to squander it lavishly. There is no display of impatience, no grumblings about the waste of

time. Everyone is content to stand and look or, if looking is impossible, just merely to stand.

There are fairy tales and myths of every brand which have been handed down orally from generation to generation and which are one of the very few definite links with the past. In these tales animals and inanimate things have the gift of speech as they have in the tales of other lands, and in them we meet characters with which we are quite familiar. Cinderella, to be sure, rides in a sedan chair instead of a coach-and-four but it is the same Cinderella, and it is nice to meet her again after all these years!

The veneration of learning in Korea has from the earliest times been almost a cult in itself. Education was estimated in terms of the number of characters one knew—an excellent system, in a way, since you could always calculate definitely how much education a person had—and scholars were regarded almost as gods.

Even from a material point of view, this was very convenient for the savant. His family supported him, he had no work to do and he passed his days reading old books, holding conferences and explaining away the difficulties of his more ignorant brethren. He was honored by everyone and the ordinary woes which beset the human race

troubled him not at all. He was envied by all because he was learned.

Now I can only suppose that generations of thought along these lines affected children even at an early age so that the pursuit of learning became practically a religious ambition and as soon as reason dawned, the pagan child knew that he must seek knowledge just as the Christian child knows that he must be good.

In ancient times, of course, only the most promising child in a family could be given the opportunity to indulge this craving for scholarship. But now that learning is available to so many through the opening of public schools, the children who, through no fault of their own, fail to obtain admittance to these halls of culture feel that they are very unfortunate indeed.

The lucky ones, on the other hand, avail themselves to the full of their good fortune. They revel in study. They get up early in the morning and study before breakfast; they sit up and study late into the night; they study in the playground; they study in the train—every time, in fact, you meet a Korean schoolboy you meet a practising student.

I remember, during my own school days, it was a common form of punishment for those who ar-

rived late in the morning to be detained after school hours for a period which varied according to the magnitude of the crime, the degree of culpability and the previous record of the offending member. Teachers in those days had a nice sense of justice in this matter, and could "make the punishment fit the crime" with a precision which practice, no doubt, had rendered perfect.

Now if they had suddenly been transported to Korea—as, in a fit of childish devotion, we often wished they could—they would have had to change their tactics, for here the child who arrives late is punished by being excluded from one or more classes.

I have seen such children, instead of making use, as you would expect, of a golden opportunity to improve the occasion by turning their minds to some form of diversion, sitting on the school doorstep weeping bitterly.

Was it love of learning, loss of "face" or sense of shame which was responsible? Personally, I incline towards a mixture of the first two.

If it was not that, I can only give you the answer which I once got from a Korean boy, aged nine, who had acquired a little American English. I asked him where his father was and he replied with a quaint shrug, "Search me!"

On the Aragon Battlefront

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Leaving their horns behind them

Condensed from *The Tablet**

As a military event, the war in Spain is over. The Red chiefs, who have never at any time showed the slightest capacity for disciplined maneuver, have been pushed into an impossible position where their forces are already cut in two, and they are threatened imminently with the loss of Barcelona, the great gateway for the vital flood of Communist-recruited Internationalist fighters and munitions from France and Russia. They may prolong their resistance of despair for several weeks. But not all the French and British assistance vainly shrieked for by International Socialism can save them. The war is over, bar the final shouting. And the overwhelming majority, almost the unanimity, of the Spanish people is enthusiastically grateful to Franco. "*Viva el Salvador!*" They have been saved from an appalling non-Spanish tyranny of criminality, cruelty and bestiality, such as the well-meaning but propaganda-drugged "idealists" in the English-speaking democracies have certainly no idea of. That is the vivid impression I have just brought across the Spanish frontier after traveling through Spain.

Reiterated over and over again,

it was the exultant cry with which the few haggard men and women, successfully hiding from forced evacuation by the Reds, crowded around me in Lerida the other day. I arrived only a few hours after the town was taken. Sniping was still incessant on both sides. One had to dash across rubble-strewn street-openings where the victims of Red snipers lay outstretched. The town had been bombed from the air as I approached. Red shells still fell vindictively upon its ruins. Before the Red domination, Lerida had been the prosperous capital of a province, with 25,000 inhabitants. Now those who were left—some 200 or 300—emerged from their hiding places. One oldish man, unshaven for a week, shabby but obviously of the middle class, insisted on showing me the black hole, the size of a small coal cellar, in which he, with three other families, had been huddled in darkness for eight days. All those wretched inhabitants were drunk, quite drunk, with ecstatic enthusiasm. All were garrulous with the sudden release of overstressed nerves, with the still hardly credible joy of long horror removed. They danced and sang round promenad-

*39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, England. May 7, 1938.

ing groups of Franco's battle-grimy stubble-jawed young soldiers, all of them Spaniards of the *Tercio*, themselves improvising bands with a guitar, an accordion and a whistle, and singing patriotic songs in the excitement of recent victory.

They had been saved from what to Revolutionaries is the ideal mode of existence. In tragic contrast to the conspicuously well-clad prosperity of all the inhabitants, peasants included, of Franco's Spain where everybody works and there are no strikes, these beneficiaries of Red ideology were, without exception, miserably clothed, their footgear shoddy and broken, their faces pinched. Some of the women looked witch-like in their emaciation. Food-stuffs had mounted to fantastic prices. The inhabitants eagerly specified them, in naive indignation. "But it was the poor that suffered most!" they said, over and over again. One had of course to get Red food permits before one could purchase anything from the "*cooperativas*." And the cooperatives had but little to sell.

Spanish villages and towns have strongly marked national characteristics. They could not be other than Spanish. But in Lerida the thing that struck me most was the completeness with which Spanish characteristics had been obliterated, and the town given a typical Soviet Rus-

sia aspect, squalidly drab and joyless. In fact, it was no longer Spain; it was Russia. In a central street was a church. "This edifice now belongs to the municipality," complacently proclaimed a placard on the door. I entered. The first third of the church had been turned into a cooperative, with a bare deal counter and empty deal shelves. Behind the counter was a plank billboard. "Entrance forbidden without a pass from the cooperative." Behind the billboard was where the cooperative had stored its commodities; it contained only two open and nearly full cases of canned peas. That space had been the body of the church. The altar had been ripped out, everything that could indicate a church had been ripped from the walls. It was bare, sinister, ugly. Nevertheless the building was intact.

A few yards farther on was the 18th century cathedral. That had been deliberately and completely destroyed by fire kindled in the interior. The interior was a smoke-blackened ruin, more or less used by the Reds as a garage. The contiguous ancient church, a celebrated monument of architecture, had been utterly destroyed by fire; bullet-holes pitted its facade. One can imagine the horror of the intensely Catholic Aragonese. The governor of the prison (appointed before the

war) had remained at his post throughout. He gave the Franco authorities his nominal-roll of the hundreds of prisoners shot. All the priests who could be found were of course among them.

What manner of men were those who had fought for the Red ideal? More than 1,000 prisoners of the International Brigade, some 360 of them English, had been taken in the fighting for Lerida. Next day I asked permission to see them. They were lodged in the long dormitory of a barracks just outside Saragossa. I was allowed to move among them entirely unaccompanied, and talk to them without the slightest surveillance. They crowded round me, all unshaven with bristly beards but otherwise much like a crowd of Tommies in the last war. "How did you get here?" I asked one of them, who had the ineffaceable stamp of the ex-service man. "It was a choice between staying in jail, sir—or joining the Brigade." "What do you mean?" "I'm a time-expired navy man, sir. I went into the mercantile marine. I was in a ship (he gave the name) which went to Costanza for oil and discharged at Alicante. At Alicante I got drunk. The ship sailed without me. The Red police picked me up, with no papers and no money, and put me in jail. They gave me the choice of joining up or staying where I

was. The Reds treated us rotten, sir. I want to join Franco's lot now. There's three of my pals want the same thing. Perhaps you'd put in a good word for us, sir?"

I talked to his pals, all seamen. Two had exactly the same story, though at other ports. The third said frankly that he had joined up for the adventure, 16 months before. Most of the time he had been in Red jails for attempted desertion and general insubordination. The officers, they vehemently agreed, were with one exception, utterly incompetent.

I talked to scores of them. One man, a somewhat priggish Devonian from Exmouth, said that he had "come to fight for the League of Nations." Another, a well-educated young Canadian from Toronto, said that he had come to "fight for his convictions."

And what are the convictions for which the educated Canadian had come to fight? The following day I saw an example of them in practice. The town of Huesca, capital of that Aragonese province, was held for 19 months by the Reds. It was delivered by Franco's advance on March 25th. Some two kilometers outside the town, the walled Municipal Cemetery had been occupied by the "loyalists" throughout the siege. They had dug fairly good defense works under the walls,

commanding the surrounding plain, and installed various machine gun posts. But they had never fought for the position. It had been hurriedly evacuated (like most of the many Red defenses that I saw in Spain) immediately Franco's troops had begun a turning move.

But they had not been idle during those 19 months. The cemetery presented a scene of horror, of incredible bestiality, such as I had never seen—such as, I am sure, few of the idealist champions of the “loyalists” have even imagined. The walls of the cemetery, and a long dividing wall across the center, had originally been filled with funeral niches in the Spanish and Italian manner, each containing a coffin and covered by a stone or marble plaque carved with sacred figures, and bearing the name of the deceased. Nearly all of those niches had been torn open, the coffin dragged out and the lid broken off. The fighters for the cause of “democracy” had wrenched gold-filled teeth from the skulls, had sought for rings, sacred medals, etc., piously buried with the dead. Among the hundreds of violated coffins was the little white one of a newborn infant; the tiny corpse lay in the open, its baby fingers protruding through the torn shroud.

Everywhere, without exception, the religious figures and symbols had been brutally smashed with hammers. Everywhere on the walls and tombs were scrawled inscriptions and drawings of the most revolting obscenity. One of the niches, with the adjoining one left as a counter on which an empty bottle still stood, had been hollowed out to the ground to become a bar. It also was covered with similarly bestial *graffiti* and obscene drawings, and had been used by the boastful self-styled “foot-cavalry of Durutti.” Durutti was one of the chief Anarchist leaders of Barcelona, previously a notorious figure in the “white slave” underworld.

Returning through the newly peaceful fields of Aragon, that adjacent vomit of sadistic satanism seemed utterly incredible in a civilized world. As later I motored through the Franco-beflagged villages of the rest of Spain, in the midst of their well-tilled fields—so different from the utterly neglected agriculture of the territory that had just been Red—I could sympathize with the ubiquitous mottoes on the national red and gold: “One country. One authority. One chief. *Viva Franco! Viva Espana! Todo por la Patria!*”



There is no grace in a favor that sticks to the fingers.

Seneca.

Reading Comes First

By WARD CLARKE

Arithmetic of reading and writing

Condensed from *The Preservation of the Faith**

Every so often there is raised a query about the lack of Catholic writers in America. And the persons who raise it point in wonderment to the large number of talented writers who graduate each year from our splendid colleges and are heard of no more in the literary field. They point, too, to the number of prominent authors who are Catholic but who are not Catholic authors in the sense of Chesterton, of Belloc or Undset. And they want to know why our Catholic literature is as meager as it is.

We cannot completely argue with these earnest people the belief that Catholic literature is so meager in this country. It has not, perhaps, realized anywhere near its possibilities, but it has advanced by leaps and bounds within the limits of the generation which is now in its early forties.

From the year 1700 in this country up until the advent of the World War, Catholic literature was marked with the names of only a handful of writers who could be considered worthy of attention by succeeding generations. Briefly they were: Orestes Brownson, who, single-handed almost achieved a Catholic

revival of literature; Charles Bul-
lard, whose *My Unknown Chum*
appeared under the pseudonym,
Aguecheek; Abram Ryan, the Civil
War poet priest; Francis Marion
Crawford, the novelist; Joel Chand-
ler Harris, who sported under the
friendly title of Uncle Remus;
Henry Harland, whose *Cardinal's
Snuff Box* is still popular; Louise
Imogen Guiney, a really great poet,
and Joyce Kilmer, whose real claim
to fame rests on something far more
substantial than his *Trees*.

At the present time Catholics are
able to point to Leonard Feeney as
a better poet than Abram Ryan. We
have in James J. Daly the most mas-
terful stylist of today. Father Gillis
stands forth as an accomplished con-
troversialist and historian. Sister
Madeleva already nears the heights
achieved by Louise Imogen Guiney
and shows promise of surpassing
them. Then we have Agnes Rep-
plier, an urbane and intelligent
essayist, who has made her mark in
American letters. Added to these
there occur immediately such names
as Francis X. Talbot, biographer of
St. Isaac Jogues; William Thomas
Walsh, brilliant historian; Helen C.
White, a ranking novelist; Fulton

*Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. June, 1938.

Sheen, an orator of unquestioned ability, Paul Hanly Furfey, whose *Fire on the Earth* still sends out many zealous sparks. And there are a host of others who could easily be appended to this list.

There are many factors which account for a relative paucity of Catholic writers, but there is one in particular which seems not to have been sufficiently stressed. The fact is that the laity are not writing Catholic books. A casual examination of the first 100 leading Catholic writers in this country reveals that 65 per cent of them are clergy and religious. Furthermore, a more detailed examination will show that of the 35 per cent which represents the laity, a great proportion are converts. In England and Europe, we discover that 35 per cent of the recognized authors are clergy or religious, while 65 per cent are laity. But again, the great proportion of the laity are converts. Thus, the born Catholic who does not enter the religious life contributes very little to Catholic literature.

This is a serious state of affairs and one which is rooted in a definite cause. It is my opinion that an important element of the cause lies in the fact that born Catholics do not read Catholic books. For, looking at the list of all our Catholic

writers, we find that the vast majority are those in religion or those who have been converted to the Faith. In other words they are those who by their rule of life are constantly reading Catholic books, or those who, in order to convince themselves intellectually of the Divine nature of the Church, had, perforce, to read avidly those books which concerned themselves with the truths and beauties of the Catholic religion.

We may be sure, a man who has read nothing but historical novels all his life will not suddenly, even though he be gifted with remarkable writing ability, produce a penetrating study of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Nor will he overnight become adept at composing Shakespearean sonnets. No more will a talented Catholic compose works breathing forth the mystery and beauty of his Faith unless he has steeped his mind in the glorious contributions of Catholic writers.

St. Augustine has said the concept of God entertained by a given people at any given time represents the highest form of culture achieved by that people at that time. Therefore, as Catholics have the clearest concept of God, books written by Catholics should represent the highest form of culture to be found in our times.

Insurance Against Debt

By CHARLES M. JOHNSON

Years, 20; dollars, 80,000

Condensed from *Church Property Administration**

Our Cathedral Church in Denver owes over \$80,000. Built more than 30 years ago on the edge of the business district, and not a great distance from the fine old homes on Capitol Hill, it now finds itself crowded by expanding shops and salesrooms, with the old homes turned into apartments and boarding houses, and the earmarks of a good parish fast disappearing before the onrush of that adult condition known as a "downtown church."

Twenty years more and there will be no parish as such. Therefore, if within those 20 years the existing debt is not paid, it probably never will be.

Recently a plan to pay it off presented itself. Life insurance! Why not ask a number of the younger and more responsible parishioners, whose interest in the parish is evident, to insure themselves with a reputable company, naming the Cathedral as sole beneficiary of the policies without recourse?

Briefly the plan was this: No announcement was made in church. The list of Cathedral contributors was combed to discover the names of those whose regular donations were enough above the average to

indicate that they could afford to support the scheme. A representative of the company, armed with a brief letter of introduction, called on the various prospects in their homes. This young salesman was a parishioner, who was personally interested in the Cathedral, and whose family had resided in the shadow of the spires since they were erected. Many would be calculated to know and trust the salesman.

Having thus gained the privilege of an interview, the well-known financial condition of the parish was discussed, on the basis of an outline contained in the letter, and the matter of individuals making a sizable bequest to the Church at death was brought up. This idea is sure to strike a sympathetic chord, for I think it is a fact well known to pastors that people in modest circumstances are usually more anxious to do things for the Church than are those better able to afford it.

The prospect was then asked how he or she would like to leave the \$1,000 to the Cathedral at death. The answer always expressed willingness enough, but how could it be done? The salesman then spoke of our simple method. Let the con-

*135 West Wells St., Milwaukee, Wis. May, 1938.

tributor set aside either all or a portion of his regular weekly donation to the Church, and each quarter, instead of paying the regular dues, use it to pay the insurance premium.

The parish authorities are notified when the payment has been made, and proper credit is given on the parish books, so when the list of contributors is published the insured individual is acknowledged to have paid his usual amount.

In some instances this method reduced the ordinary Sunday offering considerably. For example, if a person had been giving \$1.00 per week, somewhere between 50c and \$1.00 now went to the insurance company. It was seldom that the insurance cost more than 90c per week.

Of course, when about 80 people cut their weekly contributions in this way, the total available for current expense is likely to suffer by a shortage of \$30 to \$50 per week. But it is easy enough for the pastor of a large institution to effect an economy equal to that money, or to raise it by a little special effort. In other words, it is an easier task to balance the current budget now than it is to pay the huge debt at any time in the future.

Following this procedure, with the passage of 20 years the debt problem is solved.

The insurance policy is one known as 20 payment life. In the

natural course of events it is highly probable that the Cathedral will profit by many of the policies long before the 20 years are up; but, on the other hand, many will extend beyond the 20 years, because only younger people are chosen in order to make the premiums more within the reach of individuals in moderate circumstances. However, the Cathedral will be standing long after its present administrators and parishioners are dead, so the institution can afford to wait to collect.

It will also happen that some of the insured will default. New interests or removal to other places, or any one of a hundred possibilities, might supplant their present determination. When such a condition arises the Cathedral is protected by the terms of the policy. First, in that no change of beneficiary may ever be made. Secondly, that whatever is paid becomes the property of the Cathedral, either to be withdrawn immediately and put to work, or to be added to by a church payment of the premium until maturity. In other words, the Cathedral has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the arrangement. It may now safely be said that the major portion of the Cathedral's debt is paid by insurance. Results seem to indicate that it is a method which could be used to advantage in almost every parish.

Family Allowances

By PATRICK KING

With a bonus for children

Condensed from *The Catholic Bulletin**

In order to alleviate recognized social evils, there has been established in many countries in recent years a system of family allowances. This system, by providing increased income in view of increased family burdens, makes special provisions for special needs.

Leon Harmel, a famous French Catholic employer, originated the idea. In 1875 he instituted a fund from his own resources out of which he supplied a weekly allowance to those of his employees who had large families. Many other employers in France followed his example. The system developed, and years later "Federations of Employers" were formed. Each employer member paid a tax equivalent to a certain percentage of his wages bill into a pool, and out of this pool he was recompensed for the family allowance he paid his workers. The employer paid the same amount into the pool whether he employed all married or all single men. So there was no temptation to discriminate when employing workers. The number of such "Federations" in France in 1922 was 75. In 1925 it had reached 177, comprising 13,000 employers; and allowances were paid

to over a quarter of a million families. In 1932 the Government passed laws making it compulsory for employers to be members of an "equalization federation" and guaranteeing to all laborers—agricultural as well as industrial—a minimum individual wage together with an allowance in proportion to the family; 1936 saw established 222 federations, and allowances were paid for 891,500 children. Allowances were paid for children under 14 years, and were graduated. The greater the number of children in a family the bigger the allowance received by that family for each child.

The movement grew simultaneously in Belgium. It has taken root also in Holland, Sweden, Spain, Poland, Italy, New Zealand and New South Wales. In the two latter countries, and to a certain extent in Italy, the allowances take the form of a State relief, while in France and Belgium they are met by a direct tax on industry.

The mining industry in Durham and Northumberland gives a rent allowance and free fuel to married men. A glass manufacturing company in Lancashire has decided to

*50 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin, Ireland. Apr., 1938.

pay an allowance for each child after the third. Apart from isolated cases of this kind, the system is unknown in England and America. "It is perhaps significant," writes an American Catholic, "that the family allowance has only become law in Catholic countries."

Ireland hitherto has followed in the wake of England, and is much behind other countries in this and kindred matters of social reform; but we look to the future with confidence. Article 41 of our Constitution is as follows:

(1) "The State recognizes the family as the natural, primary and fundamental unit group of society, and as a moral institution possessing unalienable unprescriptable natural rights antecedent and superior to all positive law.

(2) "The State, therefore, guarantees to protect the family in its constitution and authority as the necessary basis of social order and as indispensable to the welfare of the nation and the State.

(3) "The State recognizes that, by her life in the home, woman gives the State a support without which the common good cannot be achieved.

(4) "The State shall, therefore, endeavor to assure that mothers shall not be obliged by economic necessity to engage in labor to the neglect of their duties in the home."

The father of a large family must get from some source the means of maintaining his family. If, however, a bigger direct wage is sought for a married man than for a single man, employers will discriminate when employing workers, and families will be left idle.

To obviate this discrimination, social reformers demand a family wage for all adult male workers—whether they have families or not. This in itself does not seem reasonable. It is like asking industry to provide a maintenance for all potential as well as for all actually existing human beings. It is demanding for some a right on a title that does not exist. At any rate, in circumstances as we find them, a family wage for all men is not a practical nor would it be a permanently useful solution of the difficulty.

It is not practical, for, as far as we know, neither public authority nor private enterprise has hitherto been able to put it in general practice. It would provide no permanent solution. It is true that the man with a large family would be afforded a breathing space by its first introduction. But it would be only a breathing space. Increased wages would immediately cause the cost of living to rise. The extravagance of unmarried men would raise the standard of living, and in a short time things would be, rela-

tively speaking, as bad as ever. Any real solution must provide unequal resources to meet unequal burdens.

Some writers maintain that the Pope's Encyclical Letters lay down that an absolute family wage is due, in justice, to every adult worker, whether he has a family or not. This is certainly not stated explicitly in the Encyclicals. In 1891, Leo XIII stated that the workman's wages should be sufficient "to maintain himself, his wife and children in reasonable comfort and to put by a little property."

In 1931, Pope Pius XI stated: "Every effort must therefore be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs. If, in the present state of society, this is not al-

ways feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee to every adult workingman such a just wage. In this connection we might utter a word of praise for various systems devised and attempted in practice, by which an increased wage is paid in view of increased family burdens, and a special provision is made for special needs."

Bearing in mind that an unmarried adult worker has neither wife nor family, it would seem that the Holy Father's minimum is attained if the single man from his wages and the married man from his wages, *plus family allowance*, is enabled to live in reasonable comfort and by economy to put by a modest fortune.



By His Divine Nature Jesus Christ was fully and truly the Son of His Divine Father; by His human nature He was fully and truly the Son of a human mother. And thus our Lord Jesus Christ by the union of the divine and human natures in one Person was both Son of God and Son of Mary, the divine Son of a human mother and the human son of a divine Father. Hence by the Incarnation the human family of God was reconstituted on earth with the essentials of a family—Father, Mother and Child. By Redemption and Grace men are restored to the relation of sonship of God and to membership of this family by adoption, with God for their adoptive divine Father, with Mary for their adoptive human mother, and with Jesus Christ the "only born" of both parents by nature, and the first among many brethren by adoption—being thus adoptive Brother, both divine and human, of the rest of mankind.

The Irish Rosary (May '38).

Relief From Relief

Homemade town

By MARY M. WILSON

Condensed from *The Ave Maria**

"Father McGoeys Farm? Sure, one concession east, then go north about a mile," replied the garage attendant at King, Ontario. What constitutes a concession has always been a mystery to me, but we had no difficulty finding the little settlement.

At first sight it seems rather a bleak-looking place, this stretch of land with its small cabins and schoolhouse, but it has been the means of restoring to 38 families, formerly on city relief, some measure of independence and hope for the future.

In 1934, Father McGoeys was a curate at St. Clare's Parish in Toronto. Among his parishioners were a number of families on relief, and he was struck forcibly with the hopeless condition of these men of 40 and 45, fathers of families, for whom industry had no further use. Their former occupations were closed to them and there was no chance of bettering their position while they remained in the city. So Father McGoeys began his back-to-the-land movement.

In the spring of 1934, he placed five families on ten acres of land, which had been given to him. They

built their own houses, measuring 16x30 feet. Only one or two men had had experience in farming, but with the help of the neighboring farmers they raised sufficient the first year to feed themselves. At first they were allowed relief but when the crops came in this was no longer necessary.

The next year Father McGoeys bought a 50-acre farm half a mile away. Each of the original five settlers was given a ten-acre section to work as his own; a cow, a horse, and a new permanent home, which everyone helped to build. The original families then turned in and built additional cabins to house the 15 new families which were being brought out from the city.

The experiment has grown until now there are 38 families, 17 of whom have their own farms. When new families are brought out they are given cabins on the original training farm and support themselves by working for those who have their farms, thus receiving the necessary training. The intention is that eventually each family will be able to buy a farm at cost.

Besides his farm every man has a trade. There is a carpenter, barber,

**Notre Dame, Ind. May 7, 1938.*

shoemaker and weaver; makers of honey, peanut butter, and even Javel water and fly tox. They expect shortly to open their own bakery. A system of barter prevails and you may exchange your apples and potatoes for haircuts or shoe repairs. There is a general store where each man may take his surplus produce. A price is put on it and he is given its value in groceries. Also the makers of peanut butter, honey, etc., trade their products for what they want at the general store.

An elderly Frenchman showed us the weaving room. The looms were quite rough looking but apparently efficient. He showed us a sample of cloth. "Did you see the suit Father McGoeys is wearing?" he proudly asked. "Well, that suit was woven here. Of course, we had to send it to the city to be dyed and made up, but that suit will last for 15 years." We were also shown blankets from their own looms.

The newest venture of the little community, which is officially

known as Mount St. Francis, is a furniture factory. It is expected to start within a few weeks, and interested members of the settlement will be instructed by an expert how to make reed furniture. There will be little machinery, most of the work being done by hand.

Our last visit was to the small chapel up the road. Coming from Toronto, the "City of Churches," it seemed very tiny and shabby. No two pews appeared to be of the same design or wood. But for all its shabbiness there is possibly no Gothic cathedral in our land within which more fervent prayers are offered. These people are happy and contented; you could see it in their faces. They have been given back their self-respect and a sense of personal dignity. Each man looks after his own farm and family; he no longer has to sit idly by while his children eat the bread of charity. They are poor, but the future at least is not without hope. The fact that there is a waiting list of 200 speaks for itself.



There's more to the phrase "by hook or by crook" than appears on first glance. In olden days, the hook was the constable's staff, the sign of civil authority. The crook signified the bishop's crosier, the symbol of ecclesiastical power. If the hook didn't secure your desire, the crook might be resorted to. Between the two, the powers of heaven and of earth were called into play.

Margaret Fitzgerald in *The Cowl* (May, '38).

Flowers For Our Lady

Roses by other names

By STUART FERGUSON

Condensed from *The Irish Rosary**

In the days when England was a land of the Faith they used to have what they called *Gardina Sacristae*—Church Gardens—where they grew flowers for the decoration of the altar. Close beside the Lady Chapel of Winchester Cathedral, for example, there was one of these gardens which, long after the destruction of the sacristy during the "Reformation," was known as the Paradise garden. Henry VI, in his will, left instructions concerning a garden for the chapel of Eton College, "which is left for to sett in certain trees and flowers, behovable and convenient for the service of the same church."

At the time when Henry was planning his church gardens the peasants of Germany and other European countries, when they possessed a garden of their own, would never enter a church without a posy gathered from the special corner of their gardens, which was set aside and dedicated to this lovely purpose. In France they used to call these little flower beds *Les Bouquets de l'Eglise*.

Perhaps the day will come—let us hope it may—when altar societies will revive this beautiful old custom,

and plant their church gardens near the church and presbytery, where Faith-flowers can grow and blossom for the altar, tended by loving hands.

There are so many flowers whose names speak of the Faith! It is a matter of historical certainty that many of the names of plants and flowers were given them by monks of the Middle Ages, a period when everything had a devotional aspect. It was the monks who first revived the study of botany in Europe, and adapted the discoveries of Pliny and Aristotle to the prevailing sentiments of the Middle Ages, as well as to the climate of their respective countries.

They named the flowers after the Saints or Mysteries of the months in which they bloomed. For example, coltsfoot, which comes at the beginning of Advent, is dedicated to St. Catherine (November 25th). Snowdrops, sweet "first harbinger of spring," are called the "fair maids of February," in honor of the Immaculate Maid. Lady-smock is "Our Lady's Smock," flowering at "Lady-tide"—the time of the Annunciation.

Through the centuries the Church

**St. Savior's Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. May, 1938.*

has united the beauties of creation and of art in one glorious symphony of praise. The busy bee, the silkworm, precious metals and stones, trees, flowers and music, are part of the Church's service of praise and thanksgiving. Flowers seem to carry their own consecration with them. Did not their Creator Himself bless them to His use when He uttered His enduring eulogy on the lilies of the field?

An ancient rhymed calendar of English flowers shows how people, long ago, connected the beauties of nature with the holy Faith.

The Marigold (Mary-gold) derives its name from being in bloom at almost all the feasts of Our Lady. Its golden petals are the rays around her head. Ragged-Robin (Meadow Lychnis) was "The Flower of the Blessed Sacrament" because its petals recalled the rayed monstrance with its crystal center. The aromatic Southernwood, which grows so rapidly, was called Shrub of St. Francis, or Friars' Minors' Tree, because of the prodigiously rapid growth of the Order! In the fuchsias's crimson and purple bells was seen the "Blood-drops of the Redeemer"; while the honey-scented Galium with its yellow flower recalled the "cradle-grass of Bethlehem." The maidenhair fern was "*Cheveux de Notre Dame*," or Our Lady's Hair.

The double daisy was Herb St. Margaret of Cortona.

Protestantism — which Cardinal Newman calls "paganism without its gods"—dropped the religious names of flowers and sought to "obliterate all connection between religion and natural history." To name just a few of the many unhappy alterations:

Fleur de St. Louis became the Iris; Lent Lily, the Daffodil; Herb St. Margaret, Marguerite; Holy Oak, Hollyhock; Herb St. William, Sweet William; St. John's Wort, Hypericum; Canterbury Bells (St. Augustine), Campanula; Shrub of St. Francis, Old Man.

To his lasting honor, Linnaeus, great Swedish botaist who died in 1778, restored many of the ancient names. It is told of him that the first time he saw gorse in bloom, in all its shining golden beauty, he knelt down to pray.

Such is the true Catholic spirit, the spirit we should all endeavor to bring back to gardens, everywhere, that in the hearts of all people may be aroused again this precious and holy linking up of the wonderful works of Our Father's Hands with the mysteries of the Holy Faith.

Truly has a poet sung:
Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with
God.

He may still be riding

Jockey of Hsuehowfu

Condensed from the *Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury**

From the Grand National of France to war-scarred Hsuehow in China, from jockey to priest, is the story of Reverend Paul de Geloes, S.J., the "Jockey of Hsuehowfu."

Paul started out in life as a jockey in Paris, earned a name for himself in the jockey world second to none. Fame came to him with the Grand National, but so did disaster. It looked for all the world as though the jockey, Paul, was through. In a particularly bad smashup, an ill-tempered horse whammed Paul across the pate with a steel-shod hoof. That started a chain of events that led to China, for Paul, upon learning his muscular reflexes had suffered to the point that he could not be permitted to ride again, said, "Finished with it all, I'll join the missionaries and go to Africa."

Paul was 40 years old then, a "youngster" with all the vim and nerve of a two-year-old colt. Before saying "hail and farewell" to his beloved races, he decided in favor of just one more. What a race that was! The spectators went wild with the realization that Paul was riding his last race. The stable owners foregathered, and being sentimental Frenchmen, gave Paul the favorite to ride. But alas, and alack, the

favorite fell, Paul fell, and the bookies went broke paying off. And Paul got another crack on his head.

He was nothing, if not man of his word. He had already promised the Jesuits he would present himself on a certain date. And in spite of a grotesquely swathed head, lost in folds of bandages, he got out of bed and presented himself promptly on time at the appointed place.

Ten years of hard, diligent application to study followed in the Jesuit schools. To the other young men studying there Paul was already an old man. They were youths of immature years, 18 to 20. Nearing the day that he would be ready for duty in an alien land, his 50 years stood up nobly under the knowledge that it was not Africa to which he should devote the rest of his life, but far-away China.

It was 30 years ago that Paul first set foot upon the ancient shores of Cathay, saw for the first time the bat-winged junks, the rivers of yellow mud, and a land so vast that even the winds got lost in a barren and arid distance.

Today the 80-year-old patriarch is still a jockey. And when he rides about the countryside he is hailed not as "Paul," but Lao Su Shen Fu.

*21 Avenue Edward VII, Shanghai, China. Apr. 5, 1938.

He greets old peasant women as elderly as himself as "Cha-mei-mei," or "little sister." Villagers throughout the north know and revere him, they line the streets to render a cavalier's salute to him as he jogs by, never pausing save on an errand of mercy, a salute he returns in true cavalier manner.

In a country where dust storms can blind a man in a few hours, Lao Su is asked everywhere for his "eye medicine," for his eyes are as good today as they were 60 years ago. He has acquired an enviable reputation as a doctor by the use of simple, homely treatments and remedies.

Bandits hold no terror for the aged horseman. And where the five provinces converge, bandits are the most active. But this is Lao Su, the man who fears no bandit, and who acknowledges no master in his domain save God.

Cattle, livestock, and the like, represent very often a poor villager's entire wealth. They mean wealth to the bandits, too. Consequently, bandits steal them, but Lao Su returns them whenever he can catch up with them. He has been known to jog along for days on the trail of a bandit gang. Over hill and dale, across arid and barren sand-scoured wastes and through mountain defile, until finally he has overtaken them. When he does, he rides

up on his shaggy little beast, points a finger and says, "That white horse belongs to my Christian John Wong, that black pig with the black snout belongs to Mary Chang, the weaver." The bandits grin shamefacedly, and turn them over to him. If he needs help to return the animals, the bandits do it. This is Lao Su Shen Fu.

He was last seen along the embattled Lunghai sector, near the railway. He said then, "I have spent 30 years of my life as a jockey; I have spent 30 years of my life riding for Christ along the Lunghai. I am ready, any time to make my last ride across the Great Divide." But when the Master calls Lao Su, or Father Paul de Geloës, from his horseback patrols, from his earthly station in Wangko, two miles west of Hsuehchowfu, the villagers, yea, even the bandits, are going to find a little vacant spot in their hearts that will never be filled so long as they live.

But there are other men, other workers, other people, living in the shadow of the Great Divide that is being pushed ever nearer with the thud of heavy bombs and the whine of screaming shells. Living and carrying on a labor that can never be routine.

This is not the first battle fought over the ancient and historic city of Hsuehchowfu, as the Chinese call it. The founder of the Han dynasty

came from there. Many of China's most famous generals are from that area. And founded so long ago that it, too, is steeped in the history of this strategic city, is the Jesuit Mission of Hsuchowfu, conceived by Father Leopold Gain, French Jesuit, and erected in 1884. It forms a large part of the Kiangnan mission that stretched over the provinces of Kiangsu and Anhwei.

Canadian Jesuits began to arrive in China to take up their labors in 1924. They were eventually grouped into a separate mission unit on December 8, 1931, when the Reverend George Maris, S.J., was appointed Apostolic Administrator. Of late years, this mission has steadily increased at the rate of 3,000 converts per year. And due to the devoted services rendered during all sorts of floods and famines, a close spirit of cooperation exists between the missionaries and the civil authorities.

This section boasts one Belgian, three French, 23 Canadian Jesuits, seven Canadian Sisters, five Chinese priests and 40 Chinese Sisters, all under the leadership of His Excellency, Bishop Philippe Côté, S.J., native of Lawrence, Massachusetts. These people minister to 64,000 Catholics in 18 mission centers and 189 sub-centers.

War has somewhat upset the smooth functioning of these organizations. Middle and primary schools, after opening on September 20, decided to close when repeated bombing made the wisdom of closing clearly evident. The Middle Schools, professors and students, were sent to the country to be re-grouped in a less dangerous spot. The boys' primary school was also moved. And most of the available space in the mission buildings, where the schools have not reopened, has been set aside for care of the wounded of both armies.

Missions and men like Lao Su are deathless. To be sure, persecution obliterated initial efforts at establishment of churches and mission in the 17th century. To be sure, Lao Su will some day cross the Great Divide, the visible evidence of mission work may vanish with the smoke of war's holocaust, and all their labors be gone with the wounds they've healed, the illnesses they've cared for, the death of once solaced souls. But when the last mangled corpse has been cared for, the last bloody bayonet lies rusting, and the bones of Lao Su lie mouldering, men will still remember, and strive to perpetuate in their work the deeds of men like Lao Su.



When the hand ceases to scatter, the heart ceases to pray.

Irish proverb.

The "Penitentes"

By REV. JOSE A. GARCIA

What they are not

Condensed from *The Patrician**

Sensational, and at the same time false, descriptions of the Brotherhood of Our Lord Jesus of Nazareth (wrongly called "Penitentes") are found only in papers. I deny that any "orgies" take place, or anything ridiculous. Everything centers on the Blood of Christ, need for penance, contrition. You might combine a picture of the early agape, the medieval monasteries, and the imaginable services of those Catholics, like the old Japanese, who, though having lost contact with the missionaries, still kept the Faith. For the Penitentes originally flourished where there was no resident priest. The old missionaries had left them a tradition of lay-participation in the ritual of the Church, and realistic ceremonies in connection with Holy Week, and in that eerie twilight between the American occupation and the coming of Archbishop Lamy, that was their only anchor to the Church. The very few zealous priests in the state at that time did not realize that the Penitente ritual of the time came then into full bloom, in a very well-meant but regrettable travesty of Church ceremonies. That is my theory. I do not believe they are connected with any

Third Order, or any early Church development, but simply a local manifestation of the teaching and practice of the missionaries. For the old missionaries preached corporal punishment and bold and realistic ceremonies—meat for men.

Outsiders cannot realize that the Hermanos are serious—their penances and ritual are done in a serious way. It is *not* a savage hysterical affair, with jungle-like chants, as often pictured; the chants are simply good old Church hymns, gathered or written by the late Fr. Ralliere; and if the effect is somewhat weird, that is due to lack of uniformity in the singing and the ad-libbing of extra quavers in the traditional melodies. The Hermanos sing Matins, Tenebrae, the Rosary, Via-Crucis, and particularly effective wakes. They do corporal penance. The strict rule about scourging is that the moderation of Christian charity shall prevail. They are strict about Easter duty, no dances during Lent, no liquor and no gambling. A brother transgressing these rules is not punished, he is simply put out of the Society. The same is true for anyone sending his children to the Protestant Mission School, which we

**St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, Calif. April, 1938.*

have here at Ranchos; also for flagrant crimes and obstinate disobedience to religious superiors.

In the memory of the oldest Hermanos here, venerable and good men whom I believe and trust, there has never been a crucifixion in our local Moradas, or meeting places. This statement was made to a priest who told the local members of bad abuses that he had seen in a Morada far away from here, 30 years ago. The old Hermanos had heard rumors that it happened in places other than here, but their memories of what they heard were vague, and they thought it strange and horrible. All this in the face of the fact that a local tourist-folder advises tourists to come and see in Ranchos the church where crucifixions used to take place! My sacristan scandalized some tourists last year when they asked him what the big pole by the side of the church was for, and he told them it was a gallows for bad people. Actually it is used to hoist mud up to the roof in plastering the church. The guide was worried about the possible effects of his little joke, when the man's face turned every color, and he rushed off without seeing the rest of the church. Of such stuff are "factual articles" made. The worst is, they are believed and propagated just as glibly by Catholics as by others.

As to other abuses, my local Her-

manos are the first to confess the mistakes they may have made. They have at times been at odds with the priest. They have at times yielded to expediency and allowed bad brothers to remain in the Society, who have not added to their good name. All this can be admitted, and still they are not bad. I seem to remember a Gospel about the wheat and the thistles.

A bad thorn, at one time, was politics. A strong body of men, such as the Hermanos, not versed in politics, and more or less trustful of everybody, was a weapon too handy to be overlooked by the masters of the graft art. This was the cause of many of the abuses in the Society; and it has been told enough by others; I have no means of denying what has been said. In fact, one entire novel, a crazy thing called *Blood of the Conquerors* by Ferguson, was based on that.

Does this abuse still exist? Not in my parish. I cannot speak for the rest of the State; I have an idea that it does not. Our local Moradas do not tolerate even the mildest discussion of partisan politics; their meetings are strictly religious.

In all the above, please remember that I am prejudiced, and for that reason, I do not make bold statements, but tone them down as much as I can. The Hermanos lent willing hands in the building of our

school and rectory; I have lived with them, eaten with them, given them the Sacraments, buried them. Their sons serve my Mass and their daughters sing in my choir. Just a little while ago, the daughter of one of the officers told me that she is entering the Sisterhood. Place these everyday, unsensational facts of Catholic life against the lurid pictures I saw some place about the Hermanos, and the screaming headline: *Weird Murder Sect Claims Victim*, which I saw two years ago, and my blood rises to a mad boil.

The old ceremonies have been kept, due to a natural hunger on the part of the people to participate personally in some form of ritual, even though the priests' work was inten-

sified in the far-away missions. The simplest duties of the ministry—Mass, catechizing, confessions, etc., added to other conditions, precluded any effective attempts for the priest to introduce lay-participation in the Mass ceremonies; also the fact that the missions could never have the powerful ceremonies of Holy Week, etc. With more parishes being opened up by our present Archbishop, will the Hermanos disappear, or will they be in the forefront of the liturgical movement? God uses many strange instruments for His holy ends. I know that in the missions where no priest resided they were a front line for the Church, and in their humble and at times stumbling way, have helped to keep the Faith.



Public Schools

A century ago, Horace Mann, the father of our public schools, made a forecast which is so wide of the mark as to be pathetic:

"The common school is the greatest discovery ever made by man. Let the common school be expanded to its capabilities and nine-tenths of the crimes in the penal code will become obsolete; the long catalogue of human ills will be abridged. Man will walk safely by day, every pillow will be inviolate by night; property, life, and character will be held by stronger tenure and all rational hopes for the future will be brightened."

James Truslow Adams, however, summarizes our educational achievements in a single trenchant sentence: "A century of popular education has given us a literate public which has built up the popular press which deceives them into deceiving others."

Catholic Educational Review (May, '38).

The Cosmopolitan

Emily Post abroad

By FRANCIS MacMANUS

Condensed from *Hibernia**

The true cosmopolitan is the ornament of every social gathering and the star of the most brilliant drawing room *conversazione*. He must always judge everything by the broad and well-informed views of the traveled man who feels as much at home in London as Gorkigrad, but not in the U. S. *Entre nous*, it is really sufficient if he has a smattering of geography and a good memory for the photographs that have not been used by the tourist agencies. However, certain things are necessary for success in this social accomplishment.

Never, never refer to the U. S. as if it were of any importance on the face of the globe. Thus, "Really, once you get abroad, you realize how isolated we are from the vitality and gaiety of the continental peoples." Then, launch a narrative of your travels.

Never, never begin with, "I was in Budapest last year on my holidays." It is catastrophe, very like the impulsive exclamations of the lower classes who have been to the Isle of Man on an excursion. Always, always begin with: "When I was in Istanbul . . . no, sorry I'm confusing you . . . it was Buda . . .

not Pesth, you know, which is on the other side of the river."

To most people, Paris is synonymous with the Continent. Therefore, if you are forced to converse on this vulgarity, do so discreetly. Never refer to common resorts in Montmartre or Montparnasse save with a supercilious smile. Refer to the lesser known places, or make up the names, and people them with intellectuals, artists, and foreigners of all sorts. If you have smoked *hashish*, you are fortunate in experience, and if you have whiled away the morning hours with a surrealist of the most hairy and eccentric kind on a boulevard, then it's *les pyjamas de la chatte*.

When speaking of foods (in which the U. S., by the way, is barbarously backward) be as careful with names as you would be with the foods themselves. Words like *polenta*, *brot*, *wurst*, and *patisserie* should be used lavishly. It is disastrous to chatter about common foods like bread, sausage, pudding, bacon, or even eggs. The same counsel applies to the names of wines, liqueurs, beers and the like, and to the measures thereof. Say casually, in the midst of an anecdote, that you were

**Plás Eile*, 7, *Ath Cliath*, Ireland. May, 1938.

sipping a glass of *Chianti*, *Marc Calvados*, *Samos*, *Tokay*, *Vouvray*, or a *kelas* of sherbet, and that you were seated in the divine sunshine on the *platz*, *piazza* or *loggia*. Completely eradicate from your vocabulary such terms as street, square, road, lane, or thoroughfare, and never refer to continental officers of the law as policemen, for that is a sign of provincialism, which is the scourge of the U. S.

It is worse than parochial to speak of foreign vehicles and modes of conveyance except by their native names. An excellent beginning for a conversation on the Great Russian experiment is, "As I was bowling down towards Lenin's tomb in a

droshky . . ." Praise the courtesy of the gentleman who helped you with your things (i. e., luggage) in the rather crowded *wagenabteil* or the promptness of the *facchino* who obtained your *biglietto* at the *sporetello*—but do not carry this too far. Lastly, moderation must be the note of conversation about foreign exchange, for it is comparatively easy to shine in this sphere with the aid of the financial column of any daily paper. Say that you bought a tie or book or a drink for so many *lire*, *kopecks*, *gulden*, *piastres*, *roubles*, or *centimos*, but for the sake of the prestige of all good cosmopolitans, never reduce your foreign affairs to dollars and cents.



After old books, old wine, old friends, there is a new addition to the pleasant litany of antiquity. Old fish, too, are best. Or so you can deduce, if you like, from the recent Nevada law which forbids you to catch catfish, if that is what you are doing with your life, unless the catfish has whiskers at least six inches long. If he has, the odds are he is an old bore, and better caught and cooked. America is a young country, and here is one more instance of American partiality for the young. "Go West, young catfish, go West."

D. W. in *The Tablet* (30 Apr., '38).



While we are handing out anecdotes, here is one of Fr. Martin D'Arcy, S. J., at a meeting at Oxford.

A certain don made a speech, in which he subjected the Church to a particularly bitter and anti-clerical attack.

Fr. D'Arcy rose and replied:

"After hearing Mr. ———, I feel that the better description of the Oxford philosopher would be, Zero fiddling while Rome burns."

Francis Davitt in *The Advocate*.

Another Prediction!

Just around the corner

By FATHER COUGHLIN

Condensed from *Social Justice**

According to our records, it was the second week of October, 1936, when I predicted that, if the practiced policies of the New Deal were continued, another depression more destructive than its Hoover predecessor was in store for the U. S., and that it would break with all its fury in November, 1937. As history now records, November was when the Roosevelt depression occurred.

I make no pretenses at being a prophet. I enjoy no psychic foresight. Anyone else could have made this prediction 13 months before the event, had he been in contact with the sources of information which I enjoy and had he been in possession of the facts which were presented to me.

Unfortunately, neither then nor now was it ethical, or is it ethical, for me to disclose the source of my information.

In this article I will make another prediction. I will specify it by month and year. It will be based on information which recently has come to me from the same source which permitted me to make the former forecast.

Although it is most shocking and

positively more alarming that the prediction relative to a mere depression, I am forced to accept it because my informants have not only proven their veracity but because their contacts are of such a nature that only a fool would disregard the information which I am now permitted to make manifest.

I am morally certain that America has gone too far into the depths of a depression to be rescued either by politicians or by political parties. In fact, the next generation will not be referring to this as a depression. It will call it by its proper name—a bloodless revolution instigated, propagated and directed by the powers of anti-Christianity. These powers, taking advantage of the mass ignorance of our people, accomplish their purposes under the cloak of humanitarianism and justice.

I am morally certain that these same evil powers will accomplish their final and complete purpose in the near future unless there is an immediate, forceful and dominating revival of Christianity that will be powerful enough, under the direction of the Holy Ghost, to repel the advances of Satan himself.

My informant tells me that a

*Box 150, Royal Oak, Mich. June 6, 1938.

bloodless revolution is being brought about through a planned policy of destructionism — a destructionism which pretends to alleviate suffering, poverty, unemployment and hunger; a destructionism which is so cleverly operated that it actually destroys when it seems to produce; a destructionism, while pretending to help the under-privileged and the exploited, help them only insofar as it wins their good will and support but never succeeds in alleviating their sad economic plight; a destructionism which eventually aims at bankrupting the nation and thereby bringing about repudiation of debts and the overthrow of government.

The policy of destructionism accepted by America manifests itself:

(a) In the destruction and limitation of cotton, corn, wheat, pork and foodstuffs in general.

(b) In the destruction of private initiative insofar as it is now accepted by millions of citizens that the Government must support the citizens whereas formerly the citizens supported the Government.

(c) In the destruction of private property insofar as even at this present writing the Government agency known as the HOLC is confiscating more than 1,000 homes a day and that another Government agency, together with banks and insurance companies, are confiscating more than 2,000 farms a day.

(d) In the destruction of State's rights, insofar as relief for the poor, for business and for agriculture is concentrated in a central power.

(e) In the destruction of morality, insofar as the nation is being flooded with scurrilous literature such as appear in *Ken* magazine, in *Life* and in other best sellers; and in the destruction of organized religion insofar as more than 72 per cent of our church properties are encumbered with unpayable mortgages.

(f) In the destruction of capital, insofar as the nation is being flooded with bonds which the Government originally handed to the Federal Reserve Banks for more than 31 billion dollars worth of New Deal loans. Seven billion five hundred million dollars worth of these bonds are held by local banks and insurance corporations who bought bonds from the Federal Reserve Banks and thereby did not invest this 7½ billion dollars in industry, in building, in prosperity.

(g) In the destruction of wealth through the process of taxation. By this I mean that the Government levies taxes against the citizens to obtain real money with which to liquidate the 31 billion dollars worth of bonds which originally sprang into existence by the Federal Reserve Banks writing out a check for the Government and receiving in return for the fountain pen check

the 31 billion dollars worth of bonds. Day by day fewer people are able to meet their tax bills. Day by day the burden of the total tax becomes heavier upon those who still are able to pay.

The policy of destructionism made manifest in the above items is calculated by the agents of Moscow to reach its climax when \$16,600,000,000 will have been borrowed by the Federal Government from the Federal Reserve Banks. At that point, when our national debt reaches such a height and when taxes will have been increased to meet the obligation of the bonds then extant, the climax will have been reached when the agents of Moscow have calculated that bankruptcy will ensue. This means that the taxpayers no longer will be able to meet the obligation of the fountain pen credit money and the bonds then existing. This means that the bonds will depreciate so radically that there will be a general dumping of bonds upon the market. This means that stocks and bonds will melt to a mere fraction of their present values. This means that repudiation of bonds, or general confiscation of property will follow.

When this Moscow information was handed to me more than three weeks ago, I shuddered at the prospect which was awaiting us. Then, I concluded, it was best to employ some actuaries and financial experts

to check the Moscow figures. Five days before the writing of this article their unbiased report was given to me in strict confidence. Their figures coincided with those of Moscow with only a slight difference of \$300,000,000.

Now, my most dependable informant, who has gained his information from Moscow headquarters, further informs me that it is the hope of the revolutionists to have expended the \$16,600,000,000 by April, 1941. This means that besides the 5 billion dollars which the New Deal is now borrowing in the form of fountain pen credit from the Federal Reserve Banks, another \$16,000,000,000 will have been borrowed by April, 1941.

That it will be borrowed and totally expended shortly after that date appears to be morally certain when we consider that the great majority of uninformed but well intentioned Americans think that the New Deal is performing a just and humanitarian service in feeding the poor on dole rations and in operating through the inefficient WPA organization. It is the plan, so I am informed, to make sure that the so-called depression will not be ended. Therefore, Congress, be it composed of Democrats or Republicans, will be forced to vote more relief money every 8 or 12 months to continue paying starvation wages for relief

and to continue exacting more taxes from the capital of the rich.

It would be preposterous for me to expect you to believe this prediction just the same as it was illogical for me to expect you to have believed me in 1937—in the lap of a revived prosperity—when I predicted that on November 10th of the following year a more disastrous depression was awaiting us.

Nevertheless, I am writing a record and hope to see the day, if these things must come to pass, when the ardent New Deal supporters will reap the whirl-wind which they are sowing.

Do not misinterpret my words. I

am in nowise accusing either Mr. Roosevelt or any other prominent New Dealer of participating in this destruction—with malice and forethought. Unconsciously and, perchance, innocently, they are cooperating with this policy which will mean the destruction of our American civilization.

Last week, before a group of more than 2,000 delegates who came to the Shrine of the Little Flower, I besought them, both Catholics and Protestants, to stand up and pledge publicly that they would pray to the Holy Ghost every day of their lives to prevent the realization of the catastrophe which I indicated above.



Contemporaries Please Copy

We, who are as good as you, swear to you, who are not better than we, to accept you as our king and sovereign lord, provided that you observe all our liberties and laws; but if not, then not.

Oath sworn by the subjects of the King of Aragon.



Letter From Paris

I saw a man from the Geneva Red Cross today and am simply horrified at what he told me of the conditions in the prisons and on the prison hulks of Barcelona. There are *armed* Anarchists ready to massacre the prisoners when Franco attacks Barcelona. The French naval officers just returned from Barcelona and Valencia are very worried, especially about the hulks and the conditions on board. They lie under the fire of the fort and will be sunk most probably. These are hostages! The faces at the portholes look famished and wring the hearts of the French officers when they pass them by and are unable to free them. It is all diabolical and barbarous.

L. M. S. in *America* (4 June '38).

Before And After

English twist

By PETER PENSIVE

Condensed from *The Irish Rosary**

You all know that type of advertisement which consists of two portraits of the same person, one taken before, and the other after, using the nostrum or commodity advertised. It may be a dandruff lotion, in which case we are shown twin portraits of Mr. B. Murgatroyd Bloggs of Liverpool; first as a "scurvy knave" in the literal sense of the term, with a few lank wisps of hair standing out like islands in a desolate sea of alopecia or fox evil—and then again, after using the infallible Nu-Gro Lotion, as a handsome, contented-looking loon with a growth of luxuriant, naturally-marcelled waves that would put a film star to shame. Or sometimes it is Mrs. Sarah Slide-tooth of Bootle, or Master Saul Shufflesnitch of Brighton, before and after taking Bonner's Backache Beans or Prendergast's Pimple Preventer, as the case may be. I need hardly point out that, in order to make such advertisements really effective, the portraits in question should be actual camera studies and not merely artists' impressions. Artists, as is well known, are a dissolute, mercenary tribe, and the price of a bottle of absinthe or a screw of cocaine will readily induce them to

draw things that no one else can see. But it is equally well known that *the camera cannot lie*. Did not the great Mr. Gladstone himself enunciate this axiom only a few years before his untimely death? (As a matter of fact, he did; and the mere fact that a few days later an abandoned and irreverent photographer retorted by publishing a photograph of the Grand Old Man—a staunch apostle of temperance—emerging from a public house and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, must not be allowed to detract from the *ex cathedra* infallibility of the great Gladstonian utterance).

But I am, as usual, wandering from the point. And this point is, that I have only noticed comparatively recently how skillfully the Press has adopted and adapted this two-portrait system of propaganda to the needs of the present day. Needless to say, no newspaper has yet been so crude as to publish side by side twin portraits of, say, Signor Mussolini, before and after making a Pact with Great Britain, but I am nevertheless prepared to demonstrate that the principle is there, all the same. Indeed, on one of my period-

**St. Savior's, Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. June, 1938.*

ical descents upon Fleet Street I went so far as to put the question to a journalist of experience, and he unblushingly acknowledged that most newspapers do keep in their files not merely two, but three sets of photographs of important personalities. Thus, if you surreptitiously gain access to the photographic departments of the *Daily Wail* or the *Daily Distress* and look in the group of pigeon-holes lettered "M," you will find packets of photographs of the Duce marked "Mussolini—hostile," "Mussolini—friendly," and "Mussolini—non-committal." The beauties and advantages of this system are too apparent to need elaboration of any great length. Like all really great ideas it is at once delightfully simple and astoundingly effective. Moreover, since *the camera cannot lie*, it is impossible to suggest that there can be any ethical abuse in selecting a given photograph to match a given piece of news.

Yet I submit that this kind of thing can be highly disconcerting to the unsophisticated and to those unversed in the ways of modern propagandists. For instance, to revert to the case of Signor Mussolini, we, the British public, have for a very long time past been permitted to feast our eyes only on such portraits of the Duce as were assigned to the file marked "Mussolini-hostile." Now,

these photographs, as you all know, represent the Dictator as a frenzied bull of a man, square-headed and badly in need of a few applications of Nu-Gro, with clenched fists, Neroine lips, vulpine eyes, swords, medals, sashes, and all the other dire paraphernalia of vulturine militarism. But now, of a sudden, we are being allowed to examine, simultaneously with the terms and welcome repercussions of the Anglo-Italian pact, some of the photographs out of the "Mussolini—friendly" packet, and we are all amazed to discover that the Duce is quite another man from the tyrannical bully to whom we were so long accustomed. We are staggered to observe that Signor Mussolini habitually wears, by preference, a well cut, yet easy-fitting lounge suit, that his jaw and cranium are almost entirely devoid of right angles, and that he has shrewd friendly eyes and cheerfully smiling lips! We rub our eyes and stare anew. Can *this* be the treacherous monster against whom we have so long, at the *Daily Croak's* command, vented our bitterest spleen? Can *this* be the Ravisher of Abyssinia, the Butcher of Barcelona, the Bloody Pirate of the Blue Mediterranean? Surely not! Yet it is. The accompanying letterpress distinctly says so. Read the caption for yourselves—SIGNOR MUSSOLINI CHATTING WITH THE BRIT-

ISH AMBASSADOR TO ROME AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE ANGLO-ITALIAN PACT. Well, we never did!

Yet—the camera cannot lie. Mr. Gladstone said so. And if Mr. Glad-

stone is not actually mentioned in the Bible, then the shameful omission can only be attributed to a Popish Plot—before the Reformation, of course. Remember the Forged Decretals. . .



Traced to the Source

This is a letter reported to have been written by a New Orleans lawyer to a New York legal firm. It seems that the New York people objected to a title opinion, wherein the New Orleans lawyer had traced the title in question back to 1803, on the ground that the title prior to that date had not been satisfactorily covered. The letter follows:

"I am in receipt of your letter of the fifth inst., inquiring as to the state of the title of this property prior to the year 1803.

"Please be advised that in the year 1803, the United States of America acquired the Territory of Louisiana from the Republic of France by purchase, the Republic of France had in turn acquired title from the Spanish Crown by conquest, the Spanish Crown having acquired the title by virtue of the discoveries of one Christopher Columbus, a Genoese sailor, who had been duly authorized to embark upon his voyage of discovery by Isabella, Queen of Spain; Isabella, before granting such authority had obtained the sanction of His Holiness, the Pope; the Pope is the Vicar on earth of Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ is the Son and Heir-apparent of God; God made Louisiana."



Reminder

Years ago, in Catholic churches, the Sacred Host was reserved in a receptacle suspended from the ceiling of the sanctuary. Made of precious metal, this container usually was fashioned in the form of a dove, reminding the faithful that there is a direct connection between devotion to the Holy Spirit and love for the Blessed Sacrament.

Today the plaster figure of a dove which is displayed over the main altar in a few churches is the only reminder of the old method of reserving the Blessed Sacrament.

John M. Martin in *Emmanuel* (June, '38).

Mexico Plays Host

By PETER ARRUPÉ

The little children suffer

Condensed from *America**

We entered peaceful Morelia by the highway from Mexico City at nine in the evening. The streets of the historic city gave the appearance of an anthill, with children swarming about and pilfering like vagabonds.

The person who had come with me in the automobile, a lady well known in the city, anticipating my question, said, "Here you have the Spanish children."

I could not help showing my astonishment at seeing, at such an hour and in that condition, the little Spaniards. I had supposed them quartered in the former school of the Salesian Fathers, now the property of the Government.

"Yes, Senor, it is true they are lodged in the school," said my guide, "but today they are in the streets at this hour because for the last three days they have not gone to class. They have been wandering about the streets; they are on strike."

"Very interesting," I replied, "but cannot the supervisors and teachers control them?"

"It is easy to see that you do not know these *Espanolitos*. There is no one who can do anything with them. Neither supervisor nor teach-

er can control them. Only a few Catholic families with candy and pious pictures have succeeded in taming them when they took them into their homes. But on returning to school they are worse than ever because they say they want to live with these Catholic families. That explains why these families have been forbidden to come near the school. You know that with candy and religion they aim only to incite them."

"Yes. But what was the cause of the strike?"

"Three days ago, in one of the classes, a child was up to some prank. The teacher struck him with a ruler. Without a word the child left the class, picked up a stone from a pile which was being used in some construction work, and hurled it from the doorway so accurately that he split the teacher's head open. The supervisor, naturally, wished to punish the offender; but the children protested, saying that the stone had been a just retaliation against an unjust attack. They all joined in the protest and declared a strike. Since then they have not returned to class."

I could not help laughing at such

*329 West 108th St., New York City. May 21, 1938.

a tale. At this point we arrived at the hotel. We stayed there until the following day when we went to visit the school which sheltered these 500 children brought from all parts of Spain to Mexico.

Fortunately and very advantageously, one of the most influential and radical authorities of the College was in the lobby awaiting Dr. Arrupe of the Madrid Faculty of Medicine. As such I was introduced in the Leftist society of Morelia.

This man, with a graciousness which I cannot sufficiently stress, not only showed me the whole management, but during all the time of our visit gave a running comment on all kinds of information of the greatest interest. Without doubt the fact that it was known that I had been a pupil of Negrin in Madrid was of advantage to me. To each confidence was added, "We can speak to you in all confidence; with those of the Right we have to go carefully."

The group of children transported to Morelia was composed of 250 boys and as many girls, between the ages of three and 17. They are quartered in the former school of the Salesian Fathers.

The physical surroundings were deplorable. The building was meant only for a day school and lacked the most indispensable facilities for a boarding school; absolute want of cleanliness and hygiene. There was

a boy who had not bathed nor changed his clothes during two months, and this in the heat of Morelia. On one occasion a teacher surprised two children dousing their heads with gasoline with the intention of burning off their hair, because vermin gave them no peace.

Sick and well had to sleep dressed, because on the following day it would be found that during the night various pieces of clothing had disappeared. This was the reason why so many went barefoot despite the fact that some sympathetic families of Morelia had outfitted them all with good shoes.

However bad these material surroundings have been, they are nothing in comparison with the moral disintegration. The children went to class when it pleased them. A teacher told us, "The only class to which we compel them to go is that in which they are taught the International and Communist doctrines."

At a moment when I could separate myself from my guides, I was able to question a young girl of some 14 years.

"How do they treat you?" The child, lowering her eyes, kept silence.

"It seems that you are not happy. Do not be afraid to be frank," I added trying to inspire her with great confidence. Finally in a low voice she said to me, "How could

one be happy among such people?" And with eyes wet with tears she described how, during the crossing from Spain, she had to gather up her two small brothers and carry them to the hold of the ship to prevent their seeing the excesses and sexual abuses which the sailors committed on the deck with the other young girls on board.

I had occasion to talk with several other children. All were longing for the moment of return to see their parents. I encountered only a few of the older girls who were content. My guides explained to me, "You understand that these are very satisfied; each one has a beau." It was not necessary to have it explained to me. The appearance of some of them was all too eloquent for them to hide the way by which they had been led. How can morality flourish placed in hands such as these? We have no desire to descend, even if we could, to specific details. It suffices to say that the greater part of the personnel was from the lowest depths of the society of Morelia, a class notorious for its bad reputation.

But why comment further? There are things which explain themselves. Many crimes have been committed in this war in Spain, but compared to this they are as little or nothing. The effect of this visit to Morelia was absolutely terrifying. It is, that

behind the lack of conscience towards these children can be discovered the calculated satanic tactics which are effecting a horrible crime. Horrible is the crime which snatches from mothers their children against their will. It is a horrible crime to snatch the citizen from his country; from the man his conscience, from the Christian his Faith, from the youth the possibility of creating a future, from the young girl her honor. All this has been done with the stroke of a pen by the Communist Government of Barcelona.

The majority of the children in Morelia are not orphans. Many have been seized out of Catholic homes. It is planned to uproot in them everything genuinely Spanish, to substitute the exotic and the Russian. They are being forced to repeat, although it may be mechanically, the most terrible blasphemies, and they are abandoned to their lowest instincts, so as to make it impossible for them to become honorable men. Still more, girls have been raped of their honor.

This is the appalling tragedy of these poor little children who may still attain Spanish greatness. But if Communism continues to develop its whole plan, it will form a group of ideologues whom their Fatherland and their families can only repudiate.

Carrara

Where marble comes from

By AUGUSTA L. FRANCIS

Condensed from *The Catholic Fireside**

The traveler from Rome to Genoa, by the coast line, after passing Rapallo and before reaching Viareggio will pass a distant town three or four miles from the sea nestling where the Alps and the Apennines meet. It is the famous Carrara whence millions of tons of pure white marble have been sent, since the days of the Roman Emperors to our own day, to all parts of the world. This estimate is no exaggeration. No marble is more sought after; its hardness as well as its beauty recommends it to sculptors.

In the town itself are numbers of studios where the clink of hammer on chisel can be heard all day, while from the 400 separate quarries come sounds of saw and mallet, and occasionally the booming of high explosives, blasting huge pieces out of the mountainside. As a matter of fact, Carrara marble is the only pure white marble in the world. It is interesting to remember that all white marble statues, chimney pieces, or ornaments of whatever kind and in whatever country they may be, all come from these mountain quarries.

Before reaching the town itself one notices that for many miles

around there is marble where common stone would be used elsewhere. The doorsteps of the poorest houses, the cornices, the balconies, the pavements—all are marble. Situated on the slopes of marble mountains they use the "local stone," the obvious course of any builder.

A visit to one of the quarries is a memorable experience. The journey is tortuous and long and is made on a narrow-gauge railway. The train goes up with empty trucks and comes down heavily laden with great blocks of the marble. Each truck has men at the brakes, ready to answer the engine-driver's signal. And braking on that little railway is no light matter, even for an experienced railway hand. At each turn one gets magnificent views of the sea and the neighboring mountains, and at the highest station of all the view is superb beyond description.

These high stations on the different lines act as collecting centers whence the marble blocks are either carried down in the train or on sledges, or occasionally allowed to slide down the gullies between the mountains, descending merely by means of their own weight. These

*23 Breams Buildings, London, E. C. 4, England. May 13, 1938.

gullies or tracks end near the railway station where long lines of heavy trucks are always in waiting.

Sometimes the melancholy sound of a horn is heard echoing through the crags; it recalls the horn of the Paladin Roland at Roncevalles in the Pyrenees. But it is only a signal to take cover. A few minutes later a deafening roar is heard echoing and re-echoing from crag to crag. When the last reverberation has died away the silence of the infinite descends once more upon the mountain and there is a fresh scar on the side of the giant, at the base of which lie enormous fragments of shining white stone. The giant has given up a few more tons of his treasure. And it will be thousands of years more (if our world lasts that long) before his treasury is exhausted.

The process of blasting an exceptionally large quantity of marble out of the mountain is fascinating. On the crest of the mountain there is a tall scaffolding with several stories to it; through the center of the scaffolding there is an enormous pole ending in a heavy steel point. This is lifted and dropped every few seconds with terrific force. When the hole is deep enough corrosive acid is dropped in and a large chamber thus formed at the bottom of the perforation. This is then charged with dynamite.

The explosion is announced for days beforehand by printed notices placed in conspicuous positions. When the moment comes, all the workers from the surrounding mines and a crowd of visitors assemble in a place of safety to watch.

The foreman of the quarry stands by an electric switch which is to release the spark that will fire the high explosive. The moment comes. It is something like "zero hour" in the trenches. There is a blinding flash, a deafening roar, a shattering concussion, and what seems like the side of the mountain rises in the air, breaks into dazzling fragments and falls in every direction amid clouds of white dust. When this settles, the surfaces of the blocks blown out of the mountain present an exquisitely shining white surface. Someone remarked once that the whole mountain had been split open; and indeed so it seems.

The Roman method of quarrying was totally different. They bored holes in the marble and inserted wooden poles. Then they poured water on the timber and allowed it to soak in thoroughly. When the wood swelled it burst the marble at the required place.

The glorious cathedral at Carrara gives one an idea of what time can do to the marble once white as snow. It is covered with a mellow patina, and might, at first glance, seem to

be built of a much darker substance. after Rome and Athens. Even today
England, as a marble-using coun- it still uses immense quantities of
try, in the Middle Ages came next this beautiful and enduring material.



Idleness

The world is redeemed by those who do not do anything. It is redeemed by the Carmelite nuns, alone in their cells, with a trifling bit of work on their hands, which they do kneeling on the floor to remind them that the work is not what matters. They are alone with God. It is not their vocation to write or teach in a school. They pray prayers too great for us to know, they suffer great grand things with our Lord. The world is also redeemed by the despised, the forgotten, by those who work for its salvation handicapped by health, or an unappreciative superior. It is redeemed by those who pick up the straws of those sufferings so small that we dare not say, 'I suffer,' yet which, day after day, make our lives untidy and against our pleasure; those who make a little fire of those straws, and of the little branches, little pieces of pain, and little bits of paper of wasted time, uselessness, dullness, *ennui*, and with the sighs of their desire for good things and great things, great beauty and great achievement, blow the little fire alight.

The boy who brought a few little loaves and a few little fishes, fed 5,000, because God accepted them and took them from him. The men who filled the waterpots with water, poured out wine, because they did what Christ bade them so that He could work the miracle. Christ Himself—what did He do for 30 years, with the world waiting to have the Gospel preached to it?

Look at the idleness of the crucifix. What did He do in those three hours when He might have preached? What did our Lady do all her life long? My child, men and women have entered religion and gone out to the Missions, rather than endure the dreadful cross of doing nothing, to which they were called. What they did was a poor second best, and all their lives God tried to lead them back to what looks like idleness. To have all one's energy and never to be allowed to use it, anyone can *see* that is a great sacrifice. That is the stillness which pours pure energy into the powerhouse of the Church. That is the riches the missionary has in his purse to spend. That is why there are some men and women in the Church, always able to do more than human things, to endure more than others could endure.

Cecily Hallack in *The Missionary* (June '38).

Contrasting Customs

By JOHN GIBBONS

Englishman looks us over

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Traveling through America five years ago, I remember, there was one Sunday at New Orleans, with Mass in St. Louis Cathedral; and then another Sunday at Natchez, Tenn., and still another at Birmingham in Alabama, and so on all the way north. Looking back I see that I was really traveling through about 300 years of history. So down in New Orleans and also at a place I remember called Houma, it was virtually a Catholic country; then when I came to some little town in Alabama and happened to ask the hotel people for the nearest Catholic Church, they didn't exactly turn me out but I might about as well have been asking for the nearest place where I could practice a little quiet cannibalism.

Now we haven't got that in England. There is one city, Liverpool, with just a bit of it, and it largely dates back to the Irish immigration in the days of the potato famine. But in the rest of England you could say you were Church of England (what you call Episcopalian) or Catholic or Buddhist or what you liked, and nobody would be a scrap interested.

Then what else struck me about

you? The extraordinary comfort of your churches. Well, whatever you think about yourselves, you are a wealthy people by European standards, and your seats and cushions and all that always seemed of the best. Of course we in my England have very much the same ideas, only we can't afford to do it as well as you. But now look at a church in, say, France.

There is probably no heating of any sort; there are certainly no rows of fixed benches. There is a vast stone floor, and the bulk of the congregation will be either kneeling or standing on it. Some will be kneeling and others at the same time will be standing. But in one corner of the church is a great stack of small chairs; if you want the little luxury of sitting, you go and take a chair and carry it just where you think fit. So that you and your chair may be a little island with people standing or kneeling all 'round you. You will hire that chair, paying what seems to you Americans an infinitesimal sum to an old woman who has the sort of contract for it; she is probably the elderly widow of a late sacristan, and as the French priest can't afford to pension her off, he

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. June, 1938.

allows her to make a weekly trifle by letting out her chairs.

They are very low chairs; you can turn one with the back to the altar and kneel on the seat, or you can turn it the other way 'round and sit down. So that all the time in the French church you have got a movement; people are continuously walking across with chairs or turning the things 'round. There is none of the uniformity of my England or your America.

Then we mentioned the French sacristan, and he is technically called the "Swiss." The title dates from the old days of the French kings and their Swiss guards, exactly as there are Swiss today in the tiny ceremonial army of His Holiness at Rome. In the ordinary French village the sacristan is a French villager; but on Sundays he puts on a shabby and antique uniform complete with cocked hat.

He wears his hat through Mass, on the military principle of its being part of full dress. Also he has a long wand with a metal shoe; he stands in front of the congregation, and at the Elevation instead of there being a bell, the "Swiss" solemnly clangs his stick on the stone floor.

The French priest is generally ghastly poor. I have known a country priest to do his own cooking—and there wouldn't be much to cook, either. His parish could

not afford even to feed a housekeeper, let alone pay the woman anything. Then *Monsieur le Cure* is as a rule almost a hermit. He must take no part in public life; it will be better for him to abstain from even taking a cup of coffee at the local *cafe*. Public appearance may lead to rudeness or even abuse. Let him stop at home in his presbytery and play with his garden; if anyone wants him for anything religious, they can go to see him.

But now cross the line to Belgium, and the priest is everywhere. He quite likely even runs the *cafe*, or at least a *cafe*! Catholic action is extraordinarily strong in Belgium, and the church quite often runs its own cinema with dance-room and *cafe* attached. The cinema will have films by *Le Bon Presse*. Not necessarily all missionaries and so forth, but adventures and love stories and the rest. Yes, but approved by Holy Church! No divorces, no bedroom scenes! As for the *cafe*, there will be no spirits anywhere in Belgium; but the church cinema-cafe will sell lashings of Belgian beer, and if the young people like to dance, then why not! It's the way to make Catholic marriages, and the local curate will put in a nightly appearance to see that nobody has too much beer and will beam approval on Love's Young Dream.

In America your collections

amazed me by their apparent size. A dollar to a European is a lot of money; in a French village the collection will be in terms of 10-centimes' bits, say tenth-parts of a U. S. nickel. Give the collector a franc or a nickel and he will ask how much change you want back!

But both England and Ireland, and as far as I remember, your America, too, agree in point of punctuality. Mass is at, say, 11; then by 10:55 the bulk of the congregation are waiting decorously in their seats. There may be a few late, but that's the general idea.

But it is not so in the Latin countries, and the further south you go the later the lateness gets! The Southern Italian does not go to any 11 o'clock Mass at all; he goes "to Mass" any old time! When he's ready, he goes into the church; there are three or four Masses going on at different altars and he attaches himself to the crowd at the nearest. When that Mass is finished, Signor Italian moves on to the next altar and hears Mass 'round to the point where he originally came in! I am not speaking Canon Law, of course.

There was one point in your American Catholicism which appalled me. Down in what you call your Deep South, on going to Mass I found that your Negro "Fellow Catholics" had to sit in different seats. Yes, I know! It is your country and not mine; no Englishman can understand the problem, and so forth. I know all that. I merely say that it appalled me.

But then quite likely plenty of what I have written here about other countries may have appalled you! They differ so much in taste and customs. Not the Catholicism, of course, but the exterior manifestations of it; and after all, every country has to have its own national expressions of devotion. Which, if you think of it, is another way of saying that the Catholic Church cannot confine itself like, say, the Church of England or the American Southern Baptists or anything like that. It has to be for north as well as south, for America as well as for England, for Latins as well as for Saxons; it has to be for everybody. The Catholic Church, in fact, is Catholic.



Catholics here in the U. S., as well as Catholics anywhere else in the world, are simply Catholics, not "Romanists" or "Roman Catholics." "Are you a Romanist?" some one asked the inimitable Mr. Dooley. "A what?" said Mr. Dooley. "I mean, are you a Roman Catholic?" "No, thank God, I'm a Chicago Catholic."

Our Faith (March, '38).

Walsingham Pilgrimage, 1937

Modern journey in ancient style

By PEREGRINUS

Condensed from *Pax**

Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* tell how monks and friars made pilgrimage on horseback, the normal way of traveling in those days. The monk of whom I now speak made pilgrimage to Walsingham last year on a bicycle.

One fine morning in the month of August in the year of our salvation 1937, it being the festival day of Saint Lawrence the Deacon and the hour being that of Prime, the Monk and the Boy sallied forth from London Town upon their iron steeds and passing by Acton (where the factory hooters were making melody) and Ealing (where the bells of the Priory Church were cutting through the crisp morning air), turned northwards and came in time to the Church of Saint George the Martyr, at Sudbury. Here is a shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, and here at her altar stood the Monk and knelt the Boy to offer the Holy Sacrifice as the first formal act of their pilgrimage. Then, after breaking their fast, they mounted once more and came, about the hour of None, to the ancient city of Saint Alban. Hence, having first seen the Cathedral Church with its famous brass of

Abbot Walter de la Mare and the ancient theater in which perhaps Saint Alban himself once sat as a spectator, they passed on through many a leafy lane until they came, about the hour of Evensong, to the town of Stevenage, where they were to pass the night.

Next day, through the kind offices of friends and the courtesy of the squire and his lady, the pilgrims were able to see Sawston Hall, with its chapel and priest's hiding hole. In this house Queen Mary Tudor found a lodging on her journey to London to claim her throne, and from it, as the men of Cambridge, who favored the Lady Jane Grey, came to make her prisoner, she escaped, dressed as a dairymaid, riding pillion behind her host on horseback. As they rode up the Gogmagog Hills they looked back and saw the flames rising from the Hall, which the men of Cambridge, finding their prey gone, had set on fire; but Mary promised to rebuild it, and afterwards redeemed her promise. During the rest of that day the Monk and the Boy visited the colleges of Cambridge and went forth to Barnwell to see the little Norman leper chapel there; and as

*Prinknash Priory, Gloucester, England. June, 1938.

the sun was sinking in the West, they crossed the 20 miles of fenland that separate Cambridge from the Isle of Ely. Before them, in the growing dusk, rose up the towers of the Cathedral of Saint Awdry, gray and ghostly against the darkening sky.

The next morning, which was one of darkness and thunder, after saying their Mass and breaking their fast, the two travelers went in to see the glories of the ancient minster; its massive Norman arcades, its soaring lantern, its astounding Lady Chapel, monument at once to all that is fair and foul in man: fair, in those who conceived and executed its mouldings and carvings of gossamer delicacy and beauty; foul in those, who in the perverted cause of a false religion, afterwards defaced them beyond repair.

At the hour of None, as the clouds were just giving way to summer sunshine, the Monk and the Boy, turning once more northwards, rode along the banks of the great river Ouse, past its confluence with the little river of that name, and in due time came to the market town of Downham. Here they passed the night, and next morning, after saying their Mass and breaking their fast at the house of friends, they passed on to Oxburgh.

Riding along this pilgrims' way,

our travelers came, just on the hour of Evensong, to the present Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, and dismounting, went in and fell upon their knees before her image in this "newe Nazareth."

It is well known how, before even Norman William came, our Blessed Lady had appeared in vision to Richeldis, the lady of the lands of Walsingham, and had bidden her to build a replica of the holy house of Nazareth, showing her, it seems, two sites for it. How, on awakening she chose one of the sites and set her carpenters and masons to the work, and how they made that day but scanty progress, being unable to make any one part of their work fit any other, until at eventide, tired and dispirited they departed to their homes. How, returning in the morning, they found their work, now fitting perfectly, transported to the other site, whereon they joyously completed it. Well known it is as well, how in course of years a noble church, of which now naught but one end stands, was raised to enshrine this humble chapel, wherein had been set up Our Lady's glorious statue, whose outlines the ancient Priory seal has happily preserved for us.

Towards this holy spot there ran that pilgrims' way of which some word already has been said. The chapel built beside it, at which we

left our two pilgrims in prayer, is yet known as the Slipper Chapel, because it was here that pilgrims of olden time dismounted from their horses, and taking off their heavy riding boots and spurs, as would a man on entering a house, put on their daintier shoes or slippers, in which to go on foot adown the valley and to tread the holy ground of their Mother's House at Walsingham.

Along this hallowed path and to this sacred spot, before the darkness of the Reformation, had come kings and bishops, lords and abbots, knights and priests, monks and nuns, men and women of every degree, to offer their devotion to the Mother of God and to ask her intercession, than which there is none more powerful in Heaven or on earth. Then came the day of the powers of darkness, and the ancient image of Our Queen and Mother was, by those who boasted they were acting out of zeal for pure religion, shamefully carried through the streets and burned at Chelsea, while its treasures found their way into the coffers of the burglar King and of his minions. Since then, for 400 years, the "Holy Land of Walsingham" has lain all desolate. Now once more the winter is past, and the praises of the Virgin Queen once more resound at Holy Walsingham.

But because the mists of heresy still unhappily overcloud the hallowed spot itself, her praises are sung perforce in the little Slipper Chapel a mile away. And a right worthy substitute it is, until such as the site Our Lady chose herself may be regained for her. Truly a gem of 14th century work, it rears beside the road its walls of flint and stone, pierced with the delicate flowing tracery of many windows, and crowned with a carven parapet of stone. Within, where roughly-plastered walls led up to solid oaken rafters, Our Lady's statue, a copy as near as may be of the ancient one as represented on the Priory seal, has been enthroned beneath a soaring golden canopy, and an altar, vested in silk and gold and worthy of her honor, has been raised.

Here, then, on the evening of their coming, had the Monk and the Boy knelt themselves down to pray, and here, upon the morrow, it being the festival of Our Lady's glorious Assumption, they met once more to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Here, too, in the evening of the same day, as the birds were singing their last sweet song and the sun, before sinking to rest behind the hills, was casting its lengthening rays through the west window of the chapel to light up the golden halo 'round Our Lady's head, just as in the east the evening star began

to shine forth in the green and limpid vault of heaven, these same two pilgrims, standing one on each side of the tiny chancel, sang the monastic office of Compline, a sacrifice of praise in honor of the Queen of Heaven. Throughout the psalms the voice of the Monk and the rich boyish treble alternated, to mingle at last in the doxology of

the hymn: *Gloria tibi Domine, Qui natus es de Virgine . . .* And as the closing cadences of the *Salve Regina* were dying away, the sun sank suddenly behind the hills, and the chapel was plunged into the gloom of the summer twilight, save for the soft warm light of the candles burning in silent homage upon the altar.



Madonna

In a home in the motion picture colony visited by hundreds of stars every year is a statue. It is exquisitely carved of white ivory and represents the blessed Mother. On a dressing table in the midst of perfume bottles of every description it keeps ceaseless vigil. Like Hollywood and its unusual people and places, it, too, is unusual, for this statue is crowned with a mass of fiery red hair, covered in part by a red veil. Our Lady of Hollywood is a titian-tressed Madonna.

The mother of a once famous lady of the screen explained the statue. It was given to her daughter "on location" in Mexico by a poor peon who became attached to the glamorous actress. The devotion of the "star" to our Lady was noteworthy and each morning and night her prayers were said before the statue of the red-haired Madonna.

"But why the red hair and red veil?" "For several years now," came the reply, "as she has finished her prayers, leaning over she kisses the blessed Mother on the forehead."

The lipstick of the years had caused the white ivory forehead and veil to become carmine, had made of our Lady a red-haired Madonna—typical indeed of our Lady of Hollywood.

I am sure our Lady does not blush at the tender devotion of a motion picture "queen." In our homes today Mary would welcome this external sign of modern devotion. May there be many red-haired Madonnas!

From *Watch Your Habits* by James F. Cunningham, C.S.P. (*Our Sunday Visitor* pamphlet).

Whither Mexico?

State of the nation

By JOSEPH LECLER

Condensed from *Etudes**

Epecially thoughtful as he is of social and economic revolution, has President Cardenas allowed his religious persecution to lag? If his own declarations are to be believed, the answer is very simple: there is no persecution in Mexico; Catholics have complete liberty to go to Church, and the Government is not hostile to them. What is to be thought of his affirmation?

In appearance, without a doubt, the persecution no longer takes on the bloody forms which it had under President Calles, from 1926 to 1929. Visitors from abroad who visit Mexico at first do not even notice it:

"The tourist can pass weeks in Mexico," writes Father Dragon, "without noticing that the most insidious persecution continues to rage. Mexico hides its true countenance under an enchanting mask. The city presents an honest facade to foreign visitors; official Mexico authorizes the Catholic religion. Some churches are open; a priest is authorized to say Mass. The cathedral, the basilica of Notre Dame de Guadalupe are on the lists of all the tourist agencies. The faithful can pray there freely . . ."

This tactic is remarkable. It is

very clever to keep the most famous churches open and to authorize a few priests to celebrate Mass openly. Under the cover of this hypocritical tolerance, a very real persecution can be carried out more freely. The most iniquitous laws against religious freedom remain in effect.

The law of August 31, 1935, on the nationalization of Church property has not been repealed, even those clauses of it which persecute, even on private property, religious teaching and ceremonies. Thousands of churches remain closed. Numerous schools, colleges, and convents have been confiscated.

Seminary life is impossible. Expelled from their properties seminarians have tried to set themselves up again in individual homes. But the danger of confiscation for such dwellings makes such a solution precarious. In January, 1937, the seminary which functioned "clandestinely" in the parish of Tlalpam, was driven away and the buildings which sheltered it were declared the property of the state.

In the face of such a serious situation it has become necessary to assure the training of seminarians outside of Mexico itself and accordingly

*15, Rue Monsieur, Paris (7e), France. Feb. 3, 1938.

the Seminary of Montezuma, at Las Vegas, New Mexico, was founded on last September 23. Is not this fact, that such an extreme measure had to be taken by the American hierarchy in the year 1937, is not this a striking proof that the bitter persecution continues and that Mexico seeks to bring about the destruction of the Church by drying up the recruiting?

Since 1931 the Mexican states have successively restricted the number of authorized priests. In 1936 only 197 priests in all Mexico enjoyed a legal authorization for religious functions. Thirteen states would not allow any priests. More than 4,000 priests are rejected as outcasts and outside of the law. Religious functions are forbidden them, even in individual homes. If this prohibition is violated, the priests are always at the mercy of an anonymous denunciation or of the impetuous zeal of malevolent police officers. That this order is no dead letter was shown on February 7, 1937, when a girl, 14 years of age, was killed at Orizaba, Vera Cruz, during the celebration of Mass at a private house, by policemen who interrupted the ceremony, wounded several of the faithful and placed 70 persons, including the celebrant, in jail. There have been many other cases of religious persecution.

Anti-religious activity in Mexico is irregular and episodic. One reason is that Mexico with its 30 states, forms a Federal State. The different states differ both as to the interpretation and application of general laws. In many cases the putting into effect of anti-religious laws depends upon local chiefs, their humor, their disposition.

Somewhat recently there have occurred a few indications of a relaxation of the persecution. The wrath of Catholics at the killing at Orizaba resulted in the opening of a few churches not only in the state of Vera Cruz but also in Sonora. Then, too, the Supreme Court of Mexico has declared unconstitutional an anti-clerical decree of the Governor of Chihuahua who had reduced to one the number of priests authorized in his territory. The return to Mexico of the former apostolic delegate, Monsignor Ruiz y Flores, and the appointment to Mexico City, of a new apostolic delegate, Archbishop Martinez y Rodriquez, have also been interpreted as a sign of pacification.

Despite these favorable indications there are many lamentable facts which come to recall at each instance the existence of the persecution. It is still a crime to attend Mass in a private home. It is a misdemeanor to pray at home before a crucifix. Students at clandestine

schools are barred from admission to state examinations. Youth is forced to attend the socialist school where there is taught, by word and by special books which are not allowed to go out of the classroom, the worst blasphemies against God, the Church, and Christian morality.

If there is a hope for the Christian life in Mexico it is in the constant progress of Catholic Action. Happily, too, the Church is not absolutely alone. The University, "laic" though it be in its tendencies, is demanding some human rights.

It has, for example, rejected as the base of its teaching, the Marxist conception of the universe. Its imposition as a dogma had been attempted. Up to the present the University has kept its liberty and its autonomy. The indications are that it will so continue. Its efforts, united to those of the Church, perhaps will permit Mexico, as is to be hoped, to throw off the yoke of Marxist theorists and directors and to realize its legitimate national aspirations in a sane atmosphere of social peace and spiritual liberty.



Pawnshop

In a recent article in the *Sunday Mirror*, George Roboz, foreign editor, maintains Russia has given up all hope of a Loyalist victory in Spain, and is now endeavoring to get back some of the money lent Madrid through the sale of pictures and chalices stolen from Spanish churches. These articles were sent to Russia as collateral for tanks, planes and machine guns.

"When Azana, in 1933, nationalized all the churches," he says, "the Catholic Church's wealth was valued by the Reds at five hundred millions, and a great part of it was amassed in gold and silver church relics. Croziers, miters, holy vessels, altar crucifixes and chalices, centuries old, beautiful pieces of ecclesiastical art, were hoarded in government vaults, along with crown jewels and other treasures, confiscated everywhere within reach of the long fingers of the Red government. And by way of the same underground channels through which the Soviet ammunition was smuggled into Spain, the Spanish treasures found their way to Soviet Russia. With Franco now striking for the final victory, the Soviet cannot expect that Franco's Spain will ever pay for the Russian war supplies. So she has placed it all on the market, and her agents are already working in England and the U. S. to sell those treasures."

Thus century-old relics, prized not for their material value but for their holy associations, will be lost to Spain forever. Russia will sell them for what little gold and silver they contain, and they will find their way into pawnshops for people who have no religion, and no respect for things holy.

The Ave Maria (21 May, '38).

Goldsmith and I

By JOHN DESMOND SHERIDAN

How to get on in school

Condensed from *The Father Mathew Record**

I despise the vulgar herd which, knowing that most brilliant men were dunces at school, draws from this undisputed fact the ridiculous conclusion that there is no connection between education and ability; for the clear and obvious truth is that sheer brilliance, like Goldsmith's and mine, develops only in those who are so dull in boyhood that they are forced, in self-defense, to think out ways and means of making school life bearable. Now you may draw your breath.

When I first went to school, for instance, I had no armor against life but low cunning. Every morning I accepted the daily apple which the little boy next door insisted on giving me in exchange for one solitary black eye, and traded it with one of the clever pupils for the solution to one of the page of problems which I was supposed to work out for myself at home. I thought—bless my loutish ignorance—that the master might ask me that particular problem. He never did, of course, for I looked so miserable when the other problems were asked that he invariably pounced on me for one of them. Besides, I knew nothing about the Law of Averages, which

was certainly not in my favor.

Then, one blessed day, I saw the light and changed my tactics. When the master asked the problems which I didn't know, I flourished my inky palm under his very nose and begged in vain to be heard. He ignored me, of course—masters are like that—and cast his eagle eye about for a more likely victim.

But when he came to the question which I *did* know I registered panic, nudged my immediate fellows in piteous entreaty, and studiously avoided his pedagogical gaze. And it worked like a charm. I was dragged out like a lamb to the slaughter. Only there was no slaughter. I knew my stuff.

After a morning or two I varied my plan a little. When I was dragged to the board I stood irresolute for a second or two, the very picture of misery, and made my first figures very haltingly—as if I hadn't the vaguest notion of what I was doing. So the master, the poor clever fellow, thought that the solution had come to me there and then. Morning after morning, seeking his pound of flesh, he ignored me when I looked happy and eager and pounced when I looked miserable.

*Church St., Dublin, N. W. 8, Ireland. Apr., 1938.

Euclid was no bother to me from then on.

Soon I had a full bag of tricks, one or two for every subject. Life became one sweet song. And the beauty of it was that the master never found me out—he was far too clever.

I had thoughts recently of opening a correspondence school for dull students. But I have abandoned my scheme. If I make things too easy for the dullards of today there will be no brilliant men tomorrow. I must think of posterity. Goldsmith is dead and I won't live forever.



Fiancee Writes

Even my religion has been found again in you . . . you and your ideals that shine like stars and speak of a striving for everything that is pure and upright and strong and beautiful . . . a seeking and a finding of God through purification of one's own self, own thoughts, own attainments. And I come to the unadmitted realization that I came back to this religion, the Catholic religion, through happiness and in happiness. When for at least two years, I'd been preaching to myself and to whomever else would listen that this same religion—these churches with their crucifixes—were simply for people who had been humbled, who were poor, who had suffered a great wrong, the perennial solace seekers—those with mighty petitions—disgustingly simple people—people with emotional fixations . . . and I would stoop to none of it!

Then you came along and in your very human and intelligent explanation and in your own living and most of all in your love for me . . . showed me and helped me reach the place saved for me, for us, in the Catholic Church. In you I have found everything; I have found myself again.

University of Notre Dame Religious Bulletin (28 May '38).



Brevity's Soul

But here I was at the diner. I entered, still thinking of brevity and the great things it augured for the language.

"Give me some coffee in a container," I ordered. "And I want to take it along with me."

The counter-man eyed me with contempt. "Draw one to travel," he growled.

From Streamlined English by William M. Dwyer in The Crimson and Gray, Summer 1938.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

By MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

From opera up to cancer

Condensed from *The Magnificat**

Nathaniel Hawthorne was not a Catholic. Neither was his wife, Sophia. But their youngest child, Rose, embraced the Faith when she grew to womanhood, added the luster of her name to the secular Third Order of St. Dominic, and founded one of the most unique charitable institutions in America.

Rose Hawthorne was born in May, 1851, near Stockbridge, Vermont. She was the third child, with an older sister, Una, and a brother, Julian.

In June, 1854, the Hawthorne family sailed for Liverpool. Writing was a precarious business and Nathaniel had recently accepted a post in the consular service in England which his friend, President Franklin Pierce, had offered him. But the Americans were lonely for their old home, The Wayside.

The Hawthornes remained away from America six years. They traveled in Scotland, Portugal, France and Italy, and the children were educated by the informal method of observing life in these countries rather than by reading about it. In 1858 Hawthorne had given up his diplomatic post and shortly after

that had come to Rome with his wife and children. A sensitive soul, a poet and a searcher after the truth, he was deeply impressed with the Catholic Church. So was his wife. They spent much time showing the three children the art and architecture the Church had fostered. On one of these rambles Rose and her mother were walking through the Vatican Gardens when suddenly the active little girl ran into the path of a quiet, white-clad figure.

"Oh!" cried the little Protestant. Mrs. Hawthorne hurried forward to apologize, for the quiet stroller was none other than Pope Pius IX. But the Holy Father only smiled at them both, put his thin white hand on Rose's red curls and gave her his blessing. The simple incident never faded from the child's memory.

Hawthorne died when Rose was 13. Julian had just finished his first year at Harvard's Scientific School, for his father had always said, "Be an engineer, my boy. Be something really useful. Don't, I beg of you, turn into a writer."

The death of her father was the first real sorrow that came to Rose.

*Manchester, N. H. May, 1938.

It seemed as if all the spirit, all the wonderful warm glow of a soul, had gone out of The Wayside. Even Louisa Alcott, next door neighbor and best friend, could not cheer Rose. Thus, she was not sorry when her mother said, "Children, I have a plan. Why don't we go abroad and live in Germany for a while? Julian will be all through school very soon."

So once more the Hawthorne family bade good-bye to Concord, and went to Dresden. Fourteen-year-old Rose and 20-year-old Una were soon learning the guttural language. Julian enrolled at the *Realschule*, where he found two American boys a little younger than himself. They were Francis and George Lathrop, sons of a New York physician. Francis was studying art and was planning to go to Leipzig to attend the Royal Academy. George, just 17, offered to teach Una and Rose the German language, and Mrs. Hawthorne was not slow to see that the handsome lad, with black hair and dazzling smile, was quite attracted by her pretty daughter, Una.

But there was not much time for the acquaintance to ripen. Whistler had seen some of Francis' art and sent word he wanted him to come to London to work with him. It was a wonderful opportunity and Francis could hardly wait, although

he knew George's feelings on parting with the Hawthorne family.

Weeks passed. The Franco-Prussian war was causing considerable disturbance in Europe and finally Sophia Hawthorne decided Julian should go back to New York to continue his schooling while she and the girls went to London. Sophia was anxious to get back to English-speaking surroundings. She was not well, either. Her husband's death had left its mark.

Shortly afterwards she died. Only recently Una had been received into the Church of England and her mother's death confirmed her in her decision to do welfare work among the children of London's slums. Rose shivered.

"No one as pretty as you should touch such dirty children, Una," she said. "Let other people do it."

"Papa would say they are our children, too; that the reason they are so dirty is our fault," observed Una thoughtfully, and did not try to tell Rose that what made the task easier, was the spiritual strength which had come on joining the Church of England—a creed she honestly believed to be the true one.

She made little comment when Rose informed her that she and George Lathrop were to be married. Una had never loved the young man who had been so attracted to her in the student days

at Dresden. She knew he was brilliant, headstrong; she knew, too, he had liked her chiefly because she was able to give him the sense of serenity and confidence he needed. Now that he believed himself in love with her little sister—well, Una sighed. Both he and Rose were so young—scarcely more than 20.

"I do hope you will be happy," she said on the day they were married, September 11, 1871, in the little church of St. Peter's in Chelsea.

George and Rose Lathrop came back to New York. Both were interested in writing and soon were the center of a group of literary and artistic persons. But the young couple, of nervous, temperamental make-up and little trained to understand each other's shortcomings, had begun to find married life a strain. George was fond of gay crowds and liked to drink, and Rose tried to persuade him to be more moderate. Money was not so plentiful either, although conditions were somewhat improved when William Dean Howells offered George a position as associate editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Unfortunately neither George nor Rose had much interest in religion, although they respected it as the foster mother of much beauty in art, in music, in architecture. However, when their child was born, November 10, 1876, Rose said, "I

want the baby baptized."

The husband looked up in astonishment. "Why?"

"I don't really know. I just want it. And in a Catholic Church, George, like those we saw in Italy. Catholics do things up so nicely—not cold and just dripping a little water, but they make a more supernatural thing out of it. They do something with a baby's soul, more than the other Churches do."

So little Francis Lathrop (named after his uncle, the artist), was solemnly baptized in the most ancient of Christian forms and in the original Christian creed.

The next year George became editor of the *Boston Courier*. Success was following the footsteps of the young couple and presently Rose Lathrop's happiness was increased when they were able to buy back *The Wayside*. The work of both their pens was being published in the foremost magazines and journals and life would have been complete but for one flaw. The marriage, though it provided a literary and social career for two brilliant temperaments, was not proving happy. Incompatibility existed between George and Rose, even though they loved each other and tried their best to make a success of their wedded life. The death blow came when their beloved son, Francis, then five, took a sudden fever and

died after a very brief illness.

Rose grew thin and wasted and even George lost interest in his work. They took a brief trip to Spain to forget the tragedy but when they returned they knew the rift was broadening. They had been married 10 years, for this was 1881; they had many friends and were fairly well situated financially, for George had written several successful novels, and by 1888 Rose had published a volume of verse—*Along the Shore*.

But more important than books or an increasing income was the fact that George and Rose had become interested in spiritual things, were even reading Catholic authors and taking a course of instruction in the dogma of the Church. By 1891 they had progressed far enough to know what they wanted and in that year were received into the Catholic Faith.

But still their lives, as individuals, were drifting apart. In 1893 they separated, only to return together for a short time. Walter Damrosch was setting the theme of *The Scarlet Letter* to music. He wanted George to write a dramatic poem suitable to grand opera and so for a while the reunited couple were able to busy themselves on this new project. After this they went down to Georgetown to write the history of the founding of the Visitation Order in America. *A Story of*

Courage was the result of their joint labors, but as a means of keeping the two Lathrops together it failed. Before the year was out Rose had left George for the second, and final, time.

Rose loved her husband. She missed him immensely. If little Francis had lived perhaps life would not have taken this present turn. But at least she could not sit around idle. She must have something to occupy her mind. And so her thoughts turned to charity. She had a little money of her own. Surely in the great city of New York there must be some work, some men and women who needed her.

One day the lonely wife and mother went to the lodging of her seamstress, bringing a dress that needed alterations. To her surprise the landlady announced curtly, "I had to put her out. She had cancer and you know how it is with the other boarders. They wouldn't have stayed a minute with her here."

Rose was aghast. She did not know much about cancer, save that one of her friends, Emma Lazarus, a Jewess of great culture and ability, had died from it some time before.

"But where is she?" she asked. "Where did she go?"

The questions were the beginning of Rose Lathrop's new life. She found that people suffering from in-

curable cancer were not admitted to hospitals as patients. They were given treatments, but when their condition became too advanced, they were shipped off to an island in the East River. Others told Rose what they knew of the cancerous poor. Often their own families turned them out, for landlords were averse to having such people in their buildings. One day Rose ventured to visit the bleak island where the city of New York maintained a last refuge for its poor and diseased. She saw how the unwanted were made to feel even more unwanted, just at the time when they were most in need of kindness.

"I am going to do something for them," she told herself, though her personal love of cleanliness, her innate disgust at disease and poverty, rebelled at the mere thought. From the writings of St. Vincent de Paul she took a little motto to help her in her work: "*I am for God and the poor.*" Then she went up to the New York Cancer Hospital to learn something about the treatment for incurable cancer.

Having finished the three months' course prescribed for the few volunteer nurses who dared such work, Rose went down into the poorest section of New York's east side and rented three small rooms. Her ideas were clear now. She would live in the heart of poverty and open a dis-

pensary for the cancerous poor who wanted to come to her. Only those would be eligible who had no money and who were too far gone with the disease to be cured by surgery or radium treatments.

Naturally her friends and family were aghast. They came down to No. 1 Scammel Street, where she was living, to see the frightful cases that came to her for treatment—men and women with parts of their body eaten away and always with the deadly odor of cancerous flesh.* *The Scarlet Letter*, music by Walter Damrosch and libretto by George Lathrop, was drawing immense crowds at Madison Square Garden, yet here was Rose Lathrop turning her back on the world of art and letters to devote herself to a task no one else would attempt.

One day a young girl came to the dispensary. She bore a letter of introduction from Rose's good friend, Father Kent Stone, once Protestant president of Hobart College, next a convert and member of the Paulist Fathers, and finally a monk of the Passionist Order. The girl, Alice Huber, had heard of Rose's work and was interested in it.

"I am here in New York to study art and would like to help you one afternoon a week," were the words she had planned to say, but at the

*Cf. *Catholic Digest*, Nov. '37, p. 34.

sight of the tiny room filled with diseased bodies, she was overcome with nausea. Yet grace conquered and within a few months she was Rose's right-hand assistant. She was a Southern girl and highly gifted as an artist.

One day a young priest from the Dominican parish of St. Vincent Ferrer came to the little dispensary, now moved to 446 Water Street. He was Father Clement Thuente, O.P., who had heard of the work. As he looked about the immaculately clean little house with its white painted furniture, its geraniums, the statue of St. Rose of Lima on a near-by table, he had a sudden idea. The two women had explained to him their work was a strictly personal enterprise.

"Why don't you two become Dominican Tertiaries?" he said. "You are really living in community and Rose of Lima is one of the patronesses of the Third Order of St. Dominic."

The two women thought about the proposition and it grew in favor with them. So it was they decided to enter the Third Order of St. Dominic in August, 1899—Rose as Sister Mary Alphonsa and Alice Huber as Sister Mary Rose. Father Thuente constituted himself their spiritual adviser and confessor and on December 8, they were permitted by Archbishop Corrigan to receive

the habit and to make their first vows. Four other women had now come to them so that the little Dominican Congregation of St. Rose of Lima (the official title) now numbered six. Permission was given for reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in the little chapel and once a week Mass was said there.

There was now a deep peace in the heart of Rose Lathrop, or Sister Mary Alphonsa. She had come a long way indeed from the carefree girlhood years at Concord, the travel through Europe, the brilliant days when she moved as leader in the literary and social circle of her husband's friends. But greater things were to come yet. Chief of these was the purchase, in 1901, of a magnificent piece of property in Westchester County which had previously been the home of some French Dominican Fathers. There was a large house here, with gardens and an orchard, an ideal spot indeed for the sick poor who had never seen anything but the cluttered slums of New York. Mother Alphonsa was overjoyed when she and her Sisters were able to acquire it, for it seemed to them as though God's blessing were being bestowed on their work.

The years passed. Mother Alphonsa (for Rose was now the Superior of her community), and Sister Rose made their final vows in

1909. It was just ten years since they had joined the Dominican Order as simple Tertiaries at their house on Cherry Street. Their work was prospering and they had carried the charity of Dominic into effective action. By 1927 (one year after the death of Mother Alphonsa) the original building which they had bought from the French Dominican Fathers was replaced by a modern fireproof structure housing

100 patients. In 1930 the Sacred Heart Free Home in Philadelphia was opened, with Mother Alphonsa's Sisters in charge, and in 1932 the Rose Hawthorne Lathrop Free Home for the poor, suffering from incurable cancer was opened at Fall River, Massachusetts. The intrepid daughter of Hawthorne who had been wife, mother, widow and Dominican Tertiary, had indeed led a full life.



Discovery

Nothing impresses upon me more clearly that I am a journalistic back number than certain modern manifestations of our daily journalism. I was taught that newspapers were rated and sold, first, on their editorial ability and secondly on their news worth. I have now learned better. The great discovery of modern publishers is that it is the exploitation of the human personality, and especially of the female face and figure, which is the great highway to success, the real road to prosperity and power.

We have all seen this development in the popular magazines, notably on their covers. They early sensed that one picture—of the young girl—makes the whole world kin, and boosts the sales no end. And for years they have featured sex confessions, true romances, true detective stories, and all sorts of “veritable” self-revelations—by second-floor-rear journalists in great need of funds. Latterly there has been a great awakening in the dailies, much aided by the coming of the one-piece bathing suit, and the illustrated advertisements of women's underwear.

For 3c you can see Roy Howard in the footsteps of Flo Ziegfeld, glorifying the American girl. Franco has reached the sea? What do we care? Thirty-four thousand persons are in prison in Austria? Well, it is their own fault; they got caught. As for the crisis, why F. D. R. will see us through somehow. So let us live happily and revel in the female form.

Oswald Garrison Villard in *The Nation* (16 April '38).

A Nun in Russia

By VIOLET CONNOLLY

Excerpt from the book *Soviet Tempo**

In a church in Tiflis, Russia, something in the rapt posture of a woman's figure kneeling before an icon of the Virgin caught my eye. As she rose to leave the church, I asked her the hour of the morning service. The lustrous blue eyes and child-like face recalled many a Sister of Charity in Ireland. She became very excited when I told her I was a foreigner. Like a bird she fluttered over to a bench in the darkest part of the church, whispering, "Please forgive me, but do sit a little while with me here. Do they still believe in God outside Russia?" She was trembling all over as I assured her Russia was one of the few countries in the world where men and women had no freedom of worship.

"Are there any monasteries in your country? For women, too?" she continued breathlessly. I nodded, and added that I had an aunt in a convent in Ireland. "Happy are they!" she exclaimed. "Oh, they do not know how happy!" Then she shyly told me she had been a nun. "They closed our lovely convent near Tiflis and most of the old nuns died of hardship or sorrow. Life is very hard now."

I asked her how she herself earned her living. She said that she was a servant in a Workers' Communal House, and earned just enough to keep body and soul together.

"But God will surely help," she ended plaintively. I asked her if life wouldn't be easier if she married. She was still young and pretty, and life for her in the alien atmosphere of godless Russia must be terribly lonely. She looked at me reproachfully, and said very simply, "When I was a nun I made my vows to be like the Mother of God. I love her very dearly. I can never forget those vows."

She got up suddenly and begged me to wait a moment. She came back in a few minutes with a tiny scrap of paper and thrust it into my hand, murmuring, "You will see your aunt, the nun, when you return to Ireland, wont you? Please give her this paper from me." Then, after squeezing my hand tightly, she disappeared softly into the street. On the paper she had written, "Oh! you happy ones, I beg your holy prayers for one praying with you."

*Sheed and Ward, Inc., 63 Fifth Ave., New York City. 1938. 189pp., \$2.50.

Eastern Baptism

By DR. JOHN HARTOG

Dutchman becomes a Byzantine Catholic

Condensed from *The Catholic Gazette**

Sometime ago in Rome a curious event took place. A Netherlander of Protestant origin was converted and received into the Catholic Church. This is no event of importance to the general public, as it often occurs. But what makes this event important and interesting is that this Netherlander, born in a Western country, was received into the Church with all the solemnity of the Uniat Byzantine rite. A Western Protestant became an Eastern Catholic.

The history of this event finds its origin in The Hague, the residence of the king or queen. During the 19th century Netherland had a Russian queen, Anna Pavlona, who founded in her residence a Russian chapel for herself and her court. This Church still exists, though after the war, times became very difficult as there was no money and the growing number of poor refugees from Russia could not help.

The convert, who was then a Protestant, made acquaintance with the Russian Church and became more and more Orthodox in his ideas and sympathies. In this way he came close to the Catholic Church, for he began to see the

need for a Papal primacy over the whole Church. The difficulty was that he wished to adhere to the Eastern Catholic Church which was difficult as there were no Uniat in Holland.

He had every means of knowing the Latin Catholic Church in his own country, and would have joined it but certain details seemed to prevent him. Details often hinder converts; we know how long Newman hesitated before the final step. In the course of his studies the convert visited the Papal Institute for Russia in Rome, where priests are trained for Russia and the Baltic countries. One of the students of the Institute became a close friend of his and slowly all the difficulties in his mind vanished. There was still the difficulty of what to do when he returned home, where no Eastern Uniat Church could be found; but when he realized that the Church is one and that rites do not alter Sacrifice or Sacraments, everything was clear.

On the feast of the greatest Eastern Saint, St. John Chrysostom, the convert was received into the Church with all the wealth of the ceremony characteristic of the East.

*1-a Brondesbury Park, N. W. 6, London, England. May, 1938.

Preparations were made in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament of the Russian Institute. Afterwards, by special permission, the Solemn Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom was to be sung at the altar of the same Saint in St. Peter's. At the reception itself, a form was read by which the convert rejected his old heresy and embraced Catholicism. Then in the Royal Chapel, before the closed Royal Doors of the Iconostasis, there were placed on a table the candle, white vestment, cross, and myron (chrism) and the other necessities of Baptism; and farther up was an analogion, or high desk, with a Cross and a Gospel Book. Before entering, the penitent had to remove his shoes. The priest, vested in black, then led him to the analogion to sign the reception form. The Confession followed next. First the penitent bowed in front of the priest who put his epitrachelion over his head. Both then stood and made acts of contrition and penance. For the absolution the penitent knelt down and the priest binding the epitrachelion more tightly 'round the head of the convert, prayed the absolution, instead of saying it categorically, as is the Western method. Four signs of the Cross were made over the head of the penitent and the Confession was over.

For the Baptism (which was administered conditionally) hundreds

of candles were lighted, and the priest blessed the water for Baptism. In the Eastern Church water is not blessed for a whole year, but anew at every Baptism. The ceremony is rich and elaborate. After the deacon has incensed the water an ecteny or litany is sung asking for the benediction of the water. Then begins a chorus of chant in which choir, deacon and priest take part. "We pray for him who now comes to enlightenment, and for his salvation." (The priest puts a candle into the convert's hands.) "We pray that he may be a partaker in the death and resurrection of Christ." "We pray that this water be for him a bath of new birth, of forgiveness of sins and as a vestment of purity." The prayer goes on to include the Pope, bishops, priests, deacons and faithful, the salvation of all souls, the Church's unity and the world's peace.

After a silent prayer then on the part of the priest, a great prayer begins which opens with creation and ends with the restoration of all creation, the final transfiguration of the cosmos. With beautiful richness the prayer goes on to describe how "before Thee all spiritual powers quiver, the sun sings to Thee and the moon praises Thee; the stars serve Thee, Thine is the light, the abyss trembles before Thee, fountains arise when Thou speakest.

The angels serve Thee, choirs of archangels adore Thee, Cherubs with many eyes and Seraphs with six wings are around Thee. For Thou art beyond all telling, Thou art without all beginning, Thou art above all naming."

After the Incarnation, the Epiphany and the Baptism of Christ in the Jordan have been commemorated, the priest, dipping the cross thrice into the water, says, "Thou, man-loving King, come now by the descent of Thine Holy Spirit, and bless this water and destroyed be all hostile powers by the sign of the Cross." The olive oil is then blessed with a prayer commemorating the dove of Noah's Ark, and a little is poured into the water while the Alleluja is sung. The priest turns to anoint the head, ears, breast, hands and feet of the convert, saying, "Anointed is the servant of God with the oil of joy in the name of the Father, etc." The Baptism then follows with the form: "Baptised is the servant of God, N, in the name of the Father, Amen. And of the Son, Amen. And of the Holy Ghost, Amen." The choir

then sings Psalm 32, and the priest, deacon and sub-deacon clothe the convert in the white garment. Then the choir sings that insuperable melody of the Slavs: "Give me the vestment of Light, Thou Who art clothed with Light, as with a vestment, merciful Christ, our God."

As usual in the East, the convert was confirmed by the baptising priest immediately after the Baptism. After a long prayer the priest anointed the head with oil, and then the eyes, nose, mouth, ears, breast, hands and feet, saying each time, "The strengthening of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

After this ceremony the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom was solemnly sung at the altar of the Saint in St. Peter's. Hundreds of people assisted at this ceremony, which, celebrated in the center of Latin Catholicism, brought home to many the tremendous unity of the Church, and most of all to the Dutch convert, who from Protestantism, had found his way through the Oriental Orthodox Church, to the Eastern Catholic Church and hence of necessity.



If you think any article in this issue of *The Catholic Digest* will interest a friend, send us a postcard to that effect, and we shall be pleased to send a marked copy to the address you give. State your friend's address and your own and mention the title of the article and the month it appeared.

Catholic Books of Current Interest

- Sothorn, Margaret. *Death Solves Nothing*. New York: Sheed. \$2.50.

Educated as a German Catholic, the heroine drifts into Communism and becomes a spy for the State. The conflict of the Christian view of life and Communism, a well-developed plot, and the author's vigorous style make this an outstanding novel.

- Fitzgerald, Gerald, M.C., C.S.C. *Juxta Crucem: The Life of Basil Anthony Moreau*. New York: Kenedy. \$3.50.

The author traces the work and growth of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in this biography of the founder of the order.

- Adler, Mortimer J. *Saint Thomas and the Gentiles*. Milwaukee: Marquette University Pr.

An answer to Father McCormick's lecture, "Thomas and the Life of Learning" delivered at Marquette University last year. Dr. Adler in the lecture appeals to modern society to recognize Thomism.

- The National Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. *Proceedings, 1937*. Paterson, N. J., St. Anthony's Guild. \$1.50.

The object of the Confraternity is the religious instruction of Catholic youth attending non-Catholic schools, the maintenance of adult discussion groups and the religious education of the child in the home. This compilation of addresses not only records the work attained, but it offers suggestions to interested participants.

- Williamson, Benedict. *Fernanda*. St. Louis: Herder. \$1.25.

The noble struggle of the modern Italian girl to attain spiritual perfection despite adverse surroundings is an inspiration to the reader. The writer is the author of *Gemma Galgani*.

- Browne-Olf, Lillian. *Pius XI: Apostle of Peace*. New York: Macmillan. \$2.50.

The sub-title of this sympathetic portrayal of the personality, achievements and influence of the present Holy Father expresses the main theme of the book. Throughout, we see the Pope's intense love of peace and his untiring efforts to achieve it.

- McAstocker, David P., S.J. *The Consoler*. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$1.75.

Under the title "The Consoler," the author in his characteristic conversational style writes of the Holy Ghost as man's Consoler and Sanctifier. Some practical methods of devotion to the Holy Spirit are included.

- Attwater, Donald. *The Golden Book of Eastern Saints*. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$2.25.

Among the 25 Eastern saints selected from many countries and various periods, the author includes St. Basil the Great, St. Anthony, St. Theodosius and St. Gregory the Enlightener.



DI SUA SANTITA'

DAL VATICANO,
June 2, 1938.

N° 169295

DA CITARSI NELLA RISPOSTA

Dear Father Jennings,

The Holy Father has entrusted to me the pleasant task of conveying to you and your associates an expression of His paternal gratitude for the copy of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, Vol. 1, which you presented to Him as a token of loyal devotion.

It is the prayerful hope of His Holiness that your worthy enterprise may prosper and that it may be the means of acquainting many of the clergy and of the laity with the best that is to be found in current Catholic review literature. In pledge of abundant divine favor, He imparts to you and to your colleagues His Apostolic Benediction.

With sentiments of esteem, I am, dear Reverend Father,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

E. Card. Pacelli

The Rev. Father Edward Jennings,
THE CATHOLIC DIGEST,
244 Dayton Avenue,

ST. PAUL.
